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**POPULAR BOOKS**

BY

**BRICK POMEROY.**

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I. — SENSE.

II. — NONSENSE.

III. — SATURDAY NIGHTS.

IV. — GOLD-DUST.

V. — BRICK DUST.

VI. — HOME HARMONIES.

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BY

**G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,  
New York.**





"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."—P. 259.

# HOME HARMONIES.

A COLLECTION OF

SATURDAY NIGHT REFLECTIONS FOR  
HOME CORNERS.

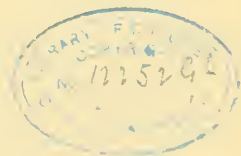
BY

MARK M. POMEROY,

["BRICK POMEROY,"]

AUTHOR OF

"SENSE," "NONSENSE," "OUR SATURDAY NIGHTS,"  
"GOLD DUST," "BRICK DUST," ETC., ETC.



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## To those who are good to themselves,

AND

To every person who has a load to carry, and whose soul is sometimes very sad; whose way is at times over rough places with little to encourage, these chapters of heart-whispered sunshine are dedicated. They are planks of a bridge I am trying to build, over which those who have souls can walk safely, as I have walked, from darkness to light, from sorrow to serenity, from mental unrest to that strength and comfort which awaits every brave, patient, honest man, woman and child in the Land of the Leal, where all is like the morning of endless life, and where there are no weary days or despondent Saturday Nights. By the lamp that lights the way as above I have walked to contentment, and now would hold the light for others.

With good wishes to all.

M. M. POMEROY.



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## P R E F A C E .

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One hundred years ago !

One hundred years hence !

One hundred years, since the men, women and children of this country first felt that they had a home worth striving for. Now, in this Centennial Year, there comes to our shores, to the city of Brotherly Love, men from all climes and nations, representatives of all people, and of thousands of industries, to exhibit proofs of their handiwork, that the world may know, on this beginning of a new era, of the progress made by those who have worked to a purpose.

There are patterns and ideas to be copied after, accepted, or rejected. Thousands of things to mark

our progress as a nation and to signify our wants in the future. There are inventions and improvements, themselves so full of suggestions as thought crowds to the front to open paths for progress that men may work, and women may wait, easier and in better conditions to accomplish and to bring forth the new, be it of ideas or of humanity. How the people have improved during the hundred years just ago! How homes have grown more in number and in beauty, as from the thought-work of the thinkers results have been reached and comforts have increased!

*An hundred years hence!*

Who will think back to the date we now mark? How many of us will be remembered? How many of us will deserve mention on the pages of history an hundred years from now? Long before that time the writer hereof will have passed on to the Thoughtland, Over There. Before he goes, he would bring an offering to the young and to the old, this year Centennial—would do *something for the future*—

would plant seed to bring forth good fruit, not only for an hundred years, but forever ; would help men and women not only to beautify homes, but to mellow hearts and open lives to the beautiful new light that comes from the breath of Him who preached *peace on earth and good will to men.*

While the farmers are ploughing the fields, the children are waiting the morrow, the inventors are at work on their improvements, the laborers struggle to overcome their tasks, and homes are rising to greater attractiveness, we would ask a place in Home Corners, for these our well-wished chapters. Perhaps they will help boys to be real men ; girls real women ; men to be better and broader in their views, and more liberal in their lives. Perhaps, and we pray God they will, help to cheer the lives and lighten the loads and labors, and to lift the sorrows that are in the hearts of thousands of overworked wives and mothers. It may be that we can assist to build and to round out good thoughts, to help comfort souls and beautify homes with harmonies

and happiness for the many years to come. Therefore we try, in our way, to live and to labor cheerfully to this purpose; and if work of ours be worthy as our wishes are pure and earnest, our life will not have been spent in vain.

Therefore, to men who have hopes—to women who have hearts—to children who have souls—to homes where there are loved ones to assemble—to all who are on the way to the Golden Gardens in the Land of the Leal—this unpretending volume of good intentions, life experiences and home-written chapters, are by their author respectfully dedicated in the desire to be useful.

MARK M. POMEROY.

CHICAGO, Sept., 1876.





# Home Harmonies.



## CHAPTER I.

HOME, HAPPINESS AND HEAVEN.



HOME again ! Another Saturday night. Another resting in the bower of content with the dear ones and the loved ones of the heart, the hearth and the fender. The hands on the face of the watch before us tell a tale of flying time—that in one short hour the day and the week will have gone and that the midnight which separates us from the morrow, as death separates us from the beautiful life to come, will be here with its fleeting shadow.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye will begin the new day. Its new duties rising from the wreck of the week as man shall rise after death to continue the work carried on or neglected by us as day follows day—as opportunity follows opportunity down the hill into the deepening valley of receding time.

The wife who waits with her heart in her throat to hear the faint cry of new-born humanity that proves her indeed a mother, has prepared for the coming of that which is, albeit humanity, still a change. Every golden moment of time was utilized as it flew by. The farmer who fills the earth with seeds, works when comes the hour and the time. With his work done, he rests, and Our Father decrees that the silent influences of nature shall, once the seeds be planted, bring them to fullest fruition of fruit and flower; that the children of him who planted and the friends who might come to sup at his board should be fed and strengthened against their

work on the morrow. So it is that to-night, while sleep sits so serenely on the eyelids of those we love and labor for as they rest just in there so near to our study, we would plant good seeds, and pray God that they may fall, not by the way side, but in the hearts of men, that love and kindness, and those heart flowers which beautify life, may follow. The man who dare be pure, loving and honest, fills the soil which shall cover his coffin with seeds which will bear beautiful flowers to mark where he sleeps. The man who is ashamed to be child-like, loving and kind, lest he be not dignified, digs his grave in the sand on which the heat shall settle and sear and blister. The man who shuts up his heart lives for selfish purposes and builds not himself into the quiet happiness of a mellow Home Corner, will never know happiness or its relations to heaven, but will plant seeds which will bring forth but thorns, thistles, nettles and noxious weeds.

How much may a man plant in an hour—in three-quarters of an hour? How much may a man do for good or for evil, even in the few moments before the week shall have fled with its record? How much may we do to plant good seeds in hearts before we put aside the pen, finish the labor of the week, and seek rest, repose and the breath of angels on the couch so near by? Perhaps we can do more good in the hour than we have done in all the week.

To-day there came a letter from a good friend. A busy man of business. A man whose heart is so full of ambition we fear he is not on the road to happiness, therefore not living to benefit humanity. He asks us to tell him how to be happy.

. . . . .

To answer, the pen must be guided by the heart as by the hand. We must throw aside the corsets and the stilted wrapping of dignified writing and dip the pen into the heart, even as

man must throw off clumsy garments when he sows good seed.

First of all, to be happy you must deserve to be. There is a law of exact recompense. There is a road to follow. A road this way and a road that way. Of a truth doth a man, a woman, a child gather as the day is spent in planting. We believe that all men can be happy if they will. As time passes on, we learn lessons. We have learned to keep away from contact with iron that burns—from ice that freezes—from waters that poison—from temptations that weaken—from vice that scars—from resorts that shame—from habits that hurt us—from draughts that poison—from hearts that are selfish—from associations that degrade—from all that would lower our manhood, weaken our influence for good, warp our judgment, and decrease the talent given us for a purpose, no matter whether that talent be little or much. This lesson must be learned by all. This seed must be planted deep

in the heart. A man can make of himself whatsoever he will. If he wishes to be happy, he can be happy—*he will be happy!* If he wishes to be loved he will so live as to make himself lovable. If he wishes to be pure, and good, and noble; to walk in that line of sunlight to the soul which is harmony, he will guide his steps away from vice, from temptations and into those paths and ways which lead to home, to loving hearts, to happiness, and Heaven. Men pray to be delivered from temptation, but try not to deliver themselves. They pray to God for happiness, and expect their prayer to be answered simply because God has the power to answer prayer. Men walk in evil ways—they follow slippery paths—they rest themselves in slime, then expect to be pure and to stand erect and clean in their moral apparel.

The man who will not take care of himself must blame no one for his fall. The man who does not live to make his home ones happy must

not expect to be happy in his home. Roses do not cling to icebergs. Little children do not romp and laugh around a church because it is a high, hard, grim old building, but because they find little flowers and something beautiful cropping out from its foundations. If a man would be loved by his wife and worshipped by his little ones, he must live for them as for himself and come as does the morn of May, with that genial, pleasant atmosphere of which good intentions, life flowers and eternity's fruits, are born. Frost kills and blasts. The warm sun brings life. So does kindness bring love and then comes trust, faith, home, happiness, Heaven.

To be happy, a man must look well to himself in his mating and in his life. If he dissipates, there is a piper and then a penalty to pay. Always two prices for each indulgence. If the husband loves not his home and seeks the society of other women for that spice, social life and lifting up he claims he cannot find at home, he is

already on the road that leads to sorrow, and must not expect to be happy till that road be forsaken.

The man who neglects his home will find his home ones neglecting him sooner or later. If he lives at his club, spends his nights here and there in excitement, he is wearing away, neglecting his family and throwing ice upon the garden in which he looks for flowers. No man, we care not who he may be, can be away from his home night after night, or away on journeys, long absent from his family, except at his peril. No wife can expect to be here, there, everywhere, trotting about to visit, gossip and be amused, and expect her husband to remain virtuous, except he be a walking skeleton, not subject to those influences which affect all who are human. No man ever yet was absent a week from his home and returned to find his loved ones as he left them. There has been a change for better or worse—a natural seeking for something new—



an advance up hill or down that he must catch up with.

The man who makes money gives his attention to finances. He who becomes an artist must study, must make and continue making efforts. The merchant who sells goods is ever on the alert for something new and attractive. He actually courts his business till he falls in love therewith, often to the neglect of his family, then wonders why payments are not made from hearts not in the least his debtor!

The way to be happy is to be happy. Leave the smell of money in the shop, store or office, as much as possible. When the work of the day is ended go home. It is the only safe place in all the world. Make love to your wife. Romp with your babies. Entertain and instruct your family. Make calls with her who is your wife. Take your wife and children to places of amusement—to lectures, to places of recreation. Always have some new pleasure ahead, in which

*all* can share. Hours spent pleasantly at home bring rest and strength for the heart. Hours spent in excitement from home unfits a man for the business of the morrow, and plants burning fevers in the soul of her who waits and wonders in whose company her husband wastes the hours to which she is in truth entitled.

There is no hell here or hereafter like that raging in the soul of a wife who is doomed to wait in silent sadness for the coming of her night-wandering husband. He may be sick. He may be drunk. He may be squandering his earnings, to which she is in part entitled, in dissipation. He may be pillowing his head on the bosom of some other woman. He *may* be—and this to a good woman is enough of hell to drive her mad. In view of the rambling of so many men, we do wonder that more women are not driven to desperation and to ruin.

Let a wife know she is loved and respected, and home is happy. Let a husband know that

his is the only arm, the only heart on which his wife will lean, and the veriest ruffian in the world will sooner or later be in love with his home and those who there, at the close of day, await his coming and the joy it brings.

Not for all the world would we exchange the wealth that is found at home. Here we live. Here we are safe from the tempest. Here we form good resolutions and gain the strength to carry them out. Here we rest, develop manhood, study life, read books, write letters, live for those who are dear to us, and day by day see what a man can do to help make his home happy and life a success. Thus every night is given to good, to some useful recreation, study or entertainment, and every night becomes an oasis in the desert of strife, as we find ourselves at home, happy and striving for that Heaven there is for all who dare to be good to themselves and to their home ones, as we journey on toward our final Saturday Night.



## CHAPTER II.

“DARLING, I LOVE YOU.”



HOW the rain beats against the glass that protects us from the storm raging without. The clouds are heavy. The air is damp. The autumn winds pipe coldly as they tell us that winter is coming, and that before it comes we must prepare for the spring that will follow.

Beautiful spring ! The joyous time when warm zephyrs, gentle rains and fragrant flowers will send out their perfume to make the air redolent ; to waken life and nature to love and love's renewals.

The winter approaches. Soon it will be here,

and then, very soon, will it be gone. The rain that now beats spitefully against the panes will soon have spent its force. In a little while the snow will fall. It will cover the ground and hide from view many a rough place ; many a misfortune ; many a foundation of foolish undertaking ; many a little grave and many a large one into which some dearly loved form has been gently laid away, now that the spirit has no farther need of its prison-house.

To-night we have been visiting with an old friend who is even dearer than a brother. If you have time to listen, we will tell you of him. A truthful story of a patient life. Of a brave patient man whose life has been to a purpose—who has lived ; been happy ; has suffered and who still suffers, but who has never lost his manhood. A little story for boys and for girls ; for young men and young women ; for husbands and wives—for those who dare be good to themselves and to their loved ones.

We knew him years ago. A young man in the flush of life. A bold, gentle, loving man. A man who could stoop to no wrong. A man who loved his honor; who early promised to himself that he would live to develop the highest possible order of manhood. One who grew from boyhood's estate, manly, prudent, generous, forgiving, patient, hopeful, self-reliant, positive in his strength, and always jealous of all that might spot, mar or tarnish his good name. He began life poor. His boyhood was spent on the hillsides of the Empire State. When came the years for labor, he went to the West and struck into the future there in a great city on the prairies and in tune with the thousands of glorious young workers in the sundown land who are so rapidly coming to be the dictators of America.

By attention to business and care of himself that no bad habits should weaken his life, he came to be the owner of a business that he had

created, just as God from nothing made the World. Then he came to be the head of a prosperous business firm, and all because he had ever tried to be a man and to accumulate all he could of good qualities, intelligence and information that might be of use instead of a detriment to him.

In his days of youth he was no loafer, profane or vulgar user of indecent language. He was not a whining, puling saint, but A MAN in all the word implies of the good and the manly. So we came years ago to love him, never asking his politics or religion ; of his business or private affairs ; never seeking to meddle with that which was none of our business ; never knowing of his griefs, temptations, heart struggles or inner life except as he opened the blinds and invited us to look in upon the soul machinery every man and woman does well to guard and to improve. One day, about five years ago, our friend took to himself a wife. A pure, sweet, loving girl. A

young woman whose form and whose life was ever lovely. From the East to the West she went with him as his wife. They soon came to own a beautiful home. These two who loved each other lived for each other. Our friend was never found in haunts of dissipation whetting his life away to sharpen appetites that so rapidly devour all those who tamper too much with indulgence. His home was his Heaven. His wife was his wisdom. His love was his life. He worked day after day for the beautiful woman whose life had so blended with his own. We have seen them in their home. We have seen them in their beautiful surroundings, where the elegant furniture, the adornments of room after room were as nothing in comparison to the sweet atmosphere of harmony that pervaded their living place and shone like a halo over their everyday lives.

She who was his wife had fullest confidence in her husband. She knew him to be the soul



of honor. She was content to live to make theirs a beautiful, charming, happy home. With his little faults she kept up no continual quarrel, and so they all died out. The world was beautiful to her, when it used her husband well. When he returned from the brain-racking duties of the business office and the feverish labor of the think-shop, how her kiss captured him at the threshold; how her smile bound him to another than a business life; how her soft hand drew the thorns of care from his brain as her fingers followed themselves down over brow and cheek till his very life was mellowed anew by the magnetism of her love and the caressing touch of loving, wifely gentleness. Do you wonder that this strong man lived for this pure, loving, gentle woman? Why! In all the world is no power save death that can unweld hearts thus mated. When he came home, her mantle of love was wrapped about him. She was not ashamed to be known as a wife who loved her husband. He

was not ashamed to be known as a man who adored his wife.

Thus they grew into the most harmonious relationship. They struggled not for wealth nor fretted themselves to death at the door-sill of hollow, frivolous, fashionable society which measures men by their dollars and women by the fripperies of that extravagance which excites envy. They grew into each other's life. His touch was ever gentle. His voice was ever low and sweet to her, though in the rattle of business and on the platform defending his principles it was loud, sharp, clear, cutting, and ever pointed to the centre of the target. He never laded his breath with poison, nor was other than a sober, gentle man in all that was for his wife, his home, his life.

The better we knew this man the more we loved him, and the less we wondered that his wife loved him so. The more we knew of them in their beautiful home, basking in the sunshine

of God, the better we understood how and why he adored the woman who was leading her husband to Heaven; who was making his life happy; who was developing his strength and endurance and was hedging him all in and about with those soul-lighting, protecting influences so many wives and husbands affect to despise as beneath the cold-blooded forms of that dignity which follows ignorance, selfishness, carelessness, and *mismatching*.

One day our friend went to his home to find her whom he had kissed “good-by” so lovingly in the morning, very ill. Her face was flushed. Her eyes were kindling to a look of pain. Her breath was hot and indicated fever. Her beautiful forehead was not as cool as usual. The smile came slowly to her face as she met her husband at the door of their charming house. She laid her hands in his. She pillowed her head on his breast as he tenderly kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead. He felt at once the

presence of an enemy, and asked her he loved so well, "What of the hour."

"Merely a trifle ill, my darling."

Then she kissed him again and again. Her head sank to his breast as his arms were so lovingly folded around the one who to him and his life was so sweet and so precious. Never did a mother handle more tenderly her first-born than did he who was and who is our dearly loved friend, lead her to a sofa and there composed her to rest.

Physicians were summoned. The angels of sympathy came into the house and possessed it. The loved wife grew weaker and weaker. It was not like a bold enemy that death came, but like a sneak thief, ashamed to rob the loving man who never did him harm. Perhaps death had pity and stayed his hand longer than his wont! Days faded into weeks and weeks into months. Slowly the loved one went down over the sands that border the wondrous river. Gen-

tly, sweetly, lovingly, mournfully, heroically, patiently, caressingly, did the husband keep her company. By day and by night he held her on his breast tenderly in his perfect love. He gave her life from his magnetism; but alas! alas! the beckoning hand of God that came like a feeble shadow, grew more and more distinct. Human skill, patient care, gentlest nursing, sweetest love and purest affections were as nothing against the inevitable. The shadows grew deeper in the home, the smiles went out from the heart of our friend and left lines of care in their place.

One night she bade father, mother, relatives, all a last "good-by," then she motioned them all away from her presence. Standing there on the threshold of Our Father in Heaven, her soul being filled with melody from the unseen, she reached out her bloodless hand to him who was her life, her husband. She turned her eyes into his with volumes of love in every glance—in one

long loving look. Her head rested on his breast where so often she had slept to sweetest dreaming. She put away from her all of home; all of beautiful things; all of life but her loved husband. She turned her face up to meet his. Their eyes met, were drowned in tears. She whispered so low and yet so distinct—

"Darling, I love you."

And thus—and thus: with a smile on the lips of the patient woman who for months and months had suffered with no complaining voice, look or act, did this loved, loving, lovely wife bid her husband good-by to join the angel hosts in the Land of the Leal.

"Darling, I love you!"

O! what a beautiful legacy! How like a sweet solace—like a poem—like a promise for the future did that expression of a life take and make a home in the grief-laden heart of him who heard its just understood whisper. In life they were together. In death they were not—

they will not be divided. There are crowns of laurels and of gold studded with diamonds; there have been songs and prose written as tributes to loving, devoted manhood. Monuments have been built, begun and left unfinished in honor of men who achieved greatness. But there never was sweeter, greater, purer tribute than this. Never a crown of brighter lustre. Never a reward for a life of honor, probity and constancy sweeter than the circlet of words breathed over the face and after-life of a husband as his wife stood in the Gateway of God, when forgetting all of life—with no dread of the future, she whispered,

"Darling, I love you."

When so pure a love speaks in this presence it is a tribute to worth. It is a reward for well living. It is a God-whispered promise for the future! How much better for men to live to be thus breathed upon by one who stands in the presence of God than to live only to develop the

low, the coarse, the brutal, the vulgar, the cruel, the abusive and the destructive. There are those who live only to gratify animal passion, to please themselves. To bring out the coarser pictures. There are women who are cold, heartless, selfish; who love the world more than home; who do not realize that the mission of a wife and of a mother is to bring her loved ones to Heaven. There are those who say that love is foolishness; that affection is weakness; that the rifting frost and the blighting chill that forms the stately iceberg is better than the sun and gentle warmth that covers the earth with beauty. But God does not think so! Angels do not think so! Those who love us here, and whom we love, do not think so! Those to whom we give our lives should not think so—they will not if they are right of heart.

"Darling, I love you."

What a volume of reward and promise is this! The winter is now upon us, but the gates will soon be opened. The workers in the garden of



God are preparing homes for us, they are doing there for us as we strive to do for them here. The good seeds we plant here will all bloom. Over There. In a few days we too can go home. In a few days we can cross the river to be welcomed by those who have gone before us, and who will await us to fling their arms about our necks, to pillow our aching heads on their bosoms and to gently whisper as did the lovely wife of whom we write. With our friend and brother we have stood before the word of God—under the mellow light in the East. With him we have walked in sweet companionship over many a thorny road. Have seen the dead raised to life, and have found shelter from many a storm. With him we have rejoiced in the possession of the beautiful, and have learned how to think. With him we have mourned under the sorrows that have swept over his soul to darken his life—with him we again approach the East. See there! Look you out from the Chamber of Meditation! Look

up! See the temple, the lights, the loving ones. Over Yonder. In that Golden Land, under the gleaming of mellow lights stands waiting the one who so loved you and whom you so loved. There is no look of pain on her face. The roses have come to her cheeks once more. She points to the fruits and flowers you have for years been planting in this life, all of which are living and beautiful Over There. She points in triumph tinted by love unutterable to her home—to your home in the Gardens of God. How can you reach her? Look you! From your feet to hers—from your life to hers is a bridge. “*Darling, I love you.*” See how it reaches from shore to shore! Dry your tears. Follow the line—walk the bridge, fearing nothing, and soon will the hands you now miss touch you *so gently* again. Soon will you feel her loving presence. Soon will her eyes be the light of your life again. Soon will life rest in life, and the home she will welcome you to will be a million times more

beautiful than the one you gave her on earth. Gird up your heart. Bear yourself bravely. The bridge will not break! Walk it from this shore to that one, and soon the feet now encased in sandals will be slippered in the daisies of Heaven, and He whose hand is open to all who trust in Him will smile and gently say: "Well done!" and well done on Earth is to be well done forever.

How our heart goes out in sympathy with, to and for those who mourn for their loved ones. To the parents who have lost the children they loved. To the young hearts from whom death has taken the support to which their souls had begun to cling, for none can cross the stormy ocean so well alone! To the children who have lost their loved parents, but more than all to the loving wife, and the manly husband whom death has bereft, not to make us sad, but to give us waiters, watchers, and welcome so sweet in the Golden Gardens where there is no grief, no sorrow, no mourning, as on earth this thoughtful Saturday Night.



## CHAPTER III.

### LEAVING THE OLD RUBBISH.



THIS afternoon, perhaps two hours before sunset, tired and head-weary after several hours' continued labor at the desk, reading letters and newspapers from different parts of the country, studying the wants and sentiments of the people in different localities, and writing now and then an item, we left the office and started for a walk in a distant part of the city, to see something new. Would any of our young friends have been afraid to have gone where they never were before? Would any of them be afraid to leave their

homes in the country and come to New York to visit us; to tell of the incidents of the trip? Perhaps you may say you do not know how to reach the great city, where are thousands of people, and great buildings, and stores full of beautiful things, and articles you never saw and never will see till you come here. Still you could come. Even the smallest of all our little friends could come. Every day thousands of people come here, and after we have told you the way, and who to come with, or have sent a silent discreet messenger for you, surely you could come with him and not be afraid, for all some people may say there are dangers along the road, and it is hard to leave friends, who soon would follow you, glad—Oh! so glad to have a rest and to see with their own eyes beauties heard of, but never fully realized.

We want some of our little friends to write and tell us if they would be afraid to come here to see us. Then we can write another chapter

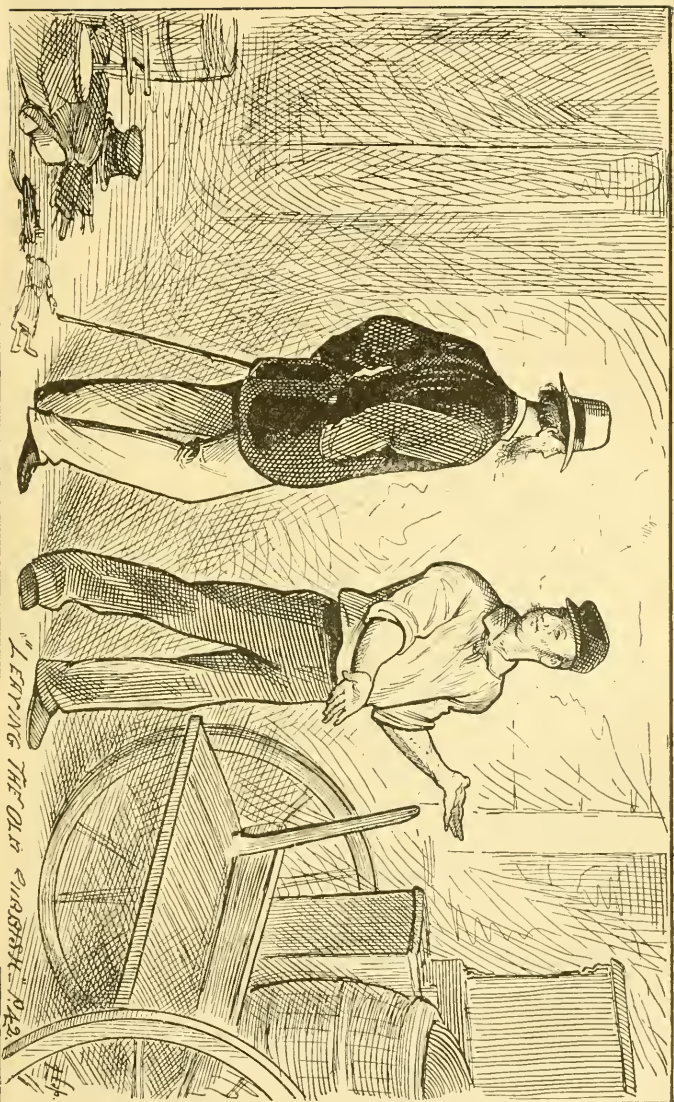
on purpose for the little folks, and try to tell them something they can try to remember.

Walking along, two or three miles from the office, we came to a man who was piling a lot of household goods on a wagon. Beside the wagon were ever so many different articles he seemed disposed to leave for some one else. There were old boots and shoes, old rags, old tin-ware, old chairs, cheap, rotten and broken, and many old trinkets of no use to any one. As he was trying to fasten his load together and seemed to need help, it was easy to stop and assist him.

"Thank you, sir, very much," said he, as he lifted his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"You are very welcome, sir. No doubt you have helped others who needed help, and will do so again ; so it is a pleasure to assist you."

"True, sir. I always like to lend a helping hand. Many is the bit of good one does in that way and is none the poorer from it."



"LEAVING THE OLD ENGLISH" 1842.





"That seems to be in accordance with the religion of the One who was not understood while on earth, but who lives even after they crucified Him. Are you moving from here?"

"Yes, sir. I am going with my family to a new house up-town."

"Accept congratulations on your good fortune. Going into a better house than this one, we presume?"

"Yes, sir, much better, and in a much better neighborhood. I am going where I shall not have to work so hard, and to act as superintendent of a large establishment in which a number of brother workmen are employed."

"That indicates that you have been a good workman, and have good recommends."

"Yes, sir. I have. Several men who used to work down here with me have gone up there and have given testimony in my favor, and some of the firm have been down here to see my work, and have offered me a good place."

“What church do you belong to?”

“Not any, sir. They did not ask me. All they seemed to want was an honest man, who was a good workman, able to understand something of their plans.”

“Are you not afraid to leave this situation here, and go there?”

“No, sir. There is more room up there than here. A larger shop. Better workmen. Better machinery than here. A great many tools and appliances invented and discovered by workmen who went there before I was called. I think the place so much better that I am going soon as possible.”

“Do you intend to leave these old articles behind you—these things you seem to have thrown into the street?”

“Yes, sir. They are but old rubbish, of no use to me. I have been foolish—have squandered money to buy many and many an article of no use to me. I shall leave all the old rub-

bish behind me, and take only the best, and there is not so much of it as I wish there was, or so much as I might have had, but that I was too thoughtless and careless. But I must be going. If you ever come up town I will be glad to see you, for you have been kind, and given me a little help in a friendly way."

"Good day, and good luck."

"Thank you, sir. Good day."

All the way home we thought of that man, and of the rubbish he has left behind.

To-night we have thought of the rubbish we have accumulated in life. Some of these days all of us will be helped into the carriage that will take us to the new residence—to the purer country and the companionship of better workmen. How many of us will have much to move? How many of us will have to leave behind more than we can take with us to be of use in the new workshop?

Some of these days a messenger will come and

say we are wanted elsewhere. Then we will be advanced. That is, if we are good workmen. If not, we may be compelled to remain here till the master tears down the building, and we are thrown out of employ, to wait around and wander and seek for labor of any kind, when, had we taken care of ourselves, a situation at better wages were ours to count on for a certainty.

Look out for the rubbish, boys. That is what loads the wagon, and when it is all brought out to the street, the people will know how we spent our earnings. The habits of life count for or against us. Men learn to lie, and to cheat, and to become selfish, grasping and avaricious. They often live only to accumulate wealth. But gold will some day be nothing but rubbish. In the new shop, in the East, under the smile of the Great Worker and Architect, whose helpers all honest men are, there is no rubbish. All that must be left behind when we go from school here to our Home in the golden-hued Eternal, where

good actions, pure lives, honest motives and earnest striving to live to a good purpose while on earth, are the credits passed to our credit after the chemical change we call death shall have come, and we go learn of our Treasures where God of Love and the Master Mind of All is the Banker who every day we live here puts our good deeds out to abundant interest.

Then the question will be, what have you done to help others? To lighten hearts? To lift the loads of care that come like shadows of the night to weigh down men and women and children all over the land as here we work—not waiting so much to be saved as to save ourselves here, that we have rewards of our own to enjoy Over There.

To-night we have been thinking of two brothers. One of them is rich as they count wealth in gold. But he is not rich in that sentiment of truth and honor, and fearless disposition to do right which will count to his credit in the

Eternal existence. He is cold, selfish, avaricious. We never knew him to give even one little penny to the poor. He has no charity for others. He is almost brutal to his family, and lives only to demand homage from those he can make to fear him.

The other brother is a mechanic. A Tubal Cain. He works by a forge and sings as he toils. His wife is proud of him and of his noble, loving heart. His little ones, three in number, watch for his coming each night, and every Saturday night, and romp with him after the work of the day is done, till he says he is rested. He rolls them on the floor, and he stands them on their heads, till father, mother and little ones laugh with delight and are envied by many a rich man and woman, who put corsets on their hearts and stifle affection in order to be fashionable.

He works in a blacksmith-shop. He heats great bars of iron, and lays them on the anvil, and rains upon them titanic blows till the sparks

play and dance around his shop after the echoes as they roll out upon the street. His hand, when it grasps the hammer, is hard and strong—his muscles are brawny, and his strength like that of a giant, as he is, for he asks odds of no man, and believes in that Heaven which is reached by the door of honesty, framed in Divine love for all who love themselves enough to keep their hearts pure. Now he strikes hard, powerful blows till the whipped metal becomes obedient to mind, and matter and manner of direct application. Then the blows are lighter than the love taps on the cheek of an affianced, for he is a master workman, who knows what, and when, and how to strike, making of his life a roundelay of mechanical song—a cadence of music, ever in harmony with the Great Maestro who gives us work and gives rewards only to those who do it willingly and well.

This one of the brothers will have but little rubbish when he moves. He will go to his new

home and to his labor in the Eternal Pattern shop, where God is Designer, and where millions of those who were once of earth are His Assistants, with a strong heart, a well-directed life and the loved ones of Home to bear him company and testify to his worth as a man and a citizen, as he is now a happy, loving, deserving husband and father, resting with his loved ones at Home, where he is making others happy this, to them all, blessed Saturday Night.







## CHAPTER IV.

NOW THE SEED-TIME—THEN THE HARVEST.



NOT far from this great city is a street lined with gardens and houses. Small houses wherein live men and women and children who work. Homes of the gardeners. To-day, when walking along by these little homes, looking at the workers, we ventured to stop in front of a garden wherein a man, a woman, and three children were engaged in preparing to plant. The man was a philosopher. After a pleasant good-morning, he lifted from his head an old cap, wiped with his hand the perspiration from his brow, and answered :

“Come in? Certainly, if you wish to, and you may spade all day if you want to!”

It was fun. Working in the garden as when a boy, years and years ago. The boys were gathering the straws, and sticks, and asparagus stalks into piles and burning them. The good wife and mother was working among the rose-bushes and other light shrubbery, cutting, clipping, thinning and trimming. All were busy. Some way, it always did seem easier to do chores for neighbors than to work for ourself. That is a sort of "play work," perhaps because it is more social, therefore more enjoyable. We spaded and raked—raked and spaded till both palms were blistered. Then the man laughed, and said we could rest. The woman brought out a bowl of delicious buttermilk, while the boys were proud as little kings to think their hands were not so tender as ours. All right, boys. But sometimes, when you are soundly sleeping, with head and hands at rest, we would give much to sleep and to rest as you can, and to have a play spell from the work of the desk and

the sanctum. In the winter you can rest. All night you can sleep. When it rains, you can go a-fishing. When the harvest is over you can rest for awhile. But all these days and times the work of a writer is never ended. For the editor of a paper there is but little rest. Like a woman, his work is never finished.

Sitting on the bench by the side of the snug cottage home, the gardener said :

“ Yes, that is the way. Put your spade down straight and deep ! Cut the weeds ; cut the roots ; go deep as you can ; then you will have a good garden and fine crops. Nine years ago, when I came here, this was a patch of weeds. It was an old, worn-out pasture-field. Here are two acres of ground. Now look at it, ready for the seed. It is all we can cultivate, and that is enough. When a man has all he can do, what more can he do ? The man who does a little well, does more than he who attempts much and but partly succeeds. My boys are regular

workers, and their mother is another one. We are a working family, and as we are always busy, we are always contented and happy. In a few weeks you may see her rosebushes covered with flowers. She cuts and trims dead twigs and useless branches now, and by-and-by she will clip thousands of roses and rosebuds from those bushes, and the rich people who would not notice us to-day will pay large prices for our flowers, and wear the result of our labor when they would appear in extra dress. Out there where the boys are burning trash will soon be early plants, and they will bring the money to save or invest. After awhile we will have a beautiful home here—beautiful flowers and time to rest. People will stop to admire and to ask who did all this work, and I'll tell them that my wife and the children and I did it. Come, boys, let us finish this job before noon."

The gardener resumed his spading. The boys continued picking up all the little bits of rub-

bish and burning it, while the cheery woman, with her knife and big shears, went to work again to trim and to educate her roses. Now that the work of the week is ended, and the ones who live in their cottage home are at rest, we must work, nor sleep till this chapter of social talk with our friends be finished.

The man was right. There is but one way. Put the spade down straight and deep. Cut clear through the roots. Bring the bottom to the top. Let light and air and new life into the soil. Plant good seeds instead of weeds, that the yield may be to save, not to be destroyed. Little by little, and all at last is turned. So it is in life. Little by little we live, and make a good name, of property, of influence, of reputation. So, too, must we cut deep and true to the line, no matter what mass of bones, or bits of rubbish, or useless matter be brought to light, exposed to view and then burned. In the religious world there is need of better spading. In the

political world there is still more need of deep cutting and of exposing the rubbish to the light that human interests may be the better cared for.

The woman was right. She cut and pruned, and trimmed; she educated her plants to bear beautiful flowers. With those she loved she labored. What belonged to them also belonged to her. That made their place a home. And that is the only way to make a home. Give each and all a share of the work, and let all enjoy the reward. Man, woman and children conferred with each other. They assisted each other. The woman did not use the heavy spade, or gather rubbish for the fires, but with steady hand she pruned, and suggested, and kindled life into her taste, and thus to the work of the others gave beauty, as the flower by contrast has its own beauty and adds to that of the plant which bore it.

Now we have a lesson in all this. The walk

of the morning gave us food for thought. The lesson is not for others, but the worker who writes this. We must cut deep and fear not. Plant good seed—honest thoughts, and prune our labor. Life is but a field—a desert—a barren plain—a morass or a garden, as we will it. The boy who reads this can, if he will, make his life beautiful. It is for him to say whether he will or not. In the abstract it is none of our business if the gardener plant weeds or flowers—the reward will be his. But the road on which he lives is the more beautiful—his home the more attractive—the suburbs of the city are more charming with his garden filled with flowers than with ugly, poisonons vines and weeds. If we could only live our lives over again how much deep cutting and pruning there would be. Much that has been done would be left undone. We should strive to plant only seeds—such seeds as would bring forth the best of fruit. The boy who would live to useful manhood, has much pruning

to do. He must be careful lest he sow nettles instead of pinks. Therefore it is well that he take the advice of those who for years have worked in the garden, and who have come to know the good seeds and the good fruit from the poor. We should all cultivate the flower of kindness—the vine of patience; should plant good thoughts and set out early in life the hedge of honor. Once this hedge gains life and begins a growth about the heart, a man's life puts forth good fruit continually. But if the boy plant his mind to hate, envy, deceit, ill-temper, recklessness, selfishness, base passions and all those vines which strangle and destroy, when comes the seed-time, he will have nothing of the beautiful in his nature to be used for the beautifying of the Eternal Gardens, where the flowers of the soul—the fruit of the Tree of Life will make us happy or unhappy; we in this life shall cultivate and determine.

Then heaven bless the ones who make gardens



beautiful and homes places for rest and of happiness, for they are ones who make the country great, the people good and humanely better, and who plant here to reap Over There, where the spirit lives if it is useful, and where it dies if it is not.





## CHAPTER V.

### HOW THE BUILDERS BUILD.

**B**E not discouraged. With the new year let us all form new resolutions, shun the temptations that have weakened our efforts the past year, and try to make ourselves strong the coming year. The hope of this country rests in its young people, and in the work of those who have grown in years and who teach good lessons. From the bad, the vicious, the dissipated, the selfish, the lazy dreamers, the ones who have no care for themselves, the avaricious and lovers of pleasure more than work, the world has nothing to expect.

Across the way from where we write, a house

of worship has within a few months been nearly completed. Not long since, we stepped from the sidewalk to the top of its foundation walls. The foremen of the laborers was there, coat off, giving directions to men employed.

“What are you building?”

“A church, or meeting-house.”

“You are putting in very heavy foundations.”

“Yes—it is to be a large, substantial building, capable of holding a large number of people.”

“When is it to be completed?”

“We are to have the edifice up and enclosed by the time snow falls, then can work through the winter finishing the inside and ornamental work.”

Now the edifice is in the condition the workmen said it would be. One after another, blocks of stone were lifted to place and squarely piled one upon the other, till the men of skill away up there on the spire can hardly be heard by the laborer on the ground nearly an hundred feet

beneath him. Little by little that church has grown, as men of industry have labored thereon. While the masons and builders have been at work day after day, hundreds of men and women and children have spent hours watching them. But all the gazing, the watching, the easy standing about to see what was going on or going up, has not increased the size of the building or helped even an atom of mortar to its place as designed by the builder.

We want the boys to remember this. Idleness wastes time, means and opportunities. To stand about looking on, builds nothing. The only way to do is to begin, and labor steadily, faithfully, hopefully till the work is finished. Thus do boys become great, useful men. They become living examples. God's helpers to beautify the world and benefit mankind.

They tell us that man can do nothing to improve the world. Boys, never believe one word of such nonsense. All those who work in the

vineyard are helpers, beautifiers. This is the work, the mission of men. The teacher who conducts the little child from "A" and "B" to the college platform where diplomas are awarded is a helper of the Almighty Power of growth and improvement. The child who digs in the ground and plants flower seeds on the grave of a mother, father or sister, is a beautifier of the earth, and of mind. The housewife who keeps her house in order; whose law is neatness and order, who plants seeds of flowers and vines, attends their wants for water and loosening of the soil about their roots, adds as many beauties and improvements to the world as she raises flowers or trains vines. At last she has covered the bare dirty earth with verdure and beauty, has made her little cabin or cottage home a vine-clad bower, and proved herself more of a ministering angel though she has never left her home, than all the idle, gadding, fashionable women of the world, who live only to show their dress

and jewelry as a peacock struts to exhibit its plumage.

The wife who does this encourages her husband, develops his better nature, helps him to strengthen his manhood, and at last the two walk lovingly along, hand in hand in that way which leads on to the society of the eternal workers, in the Land of the Leal. Such wives become the Heaven-registered heroines—the saviours of men—the educators of children, the glory of the nation. To such women, not to the children of fashion and graspers for greed, does this country—does any country owe its greatness. For all such wives, mothers, women, do we earnestly pray good angels to be with them with such presence and whisperings as will make this a glad, a happy year.

As the workmen builded the church—as the woman from good seeds carefully planted and well trained, has grown a bower of beauty and a means to shade her home from the heat of the

day, so can every boy who reads this, if he will, add to his mental stature, and to the beauty of his life. That which harms our neighbor we will not use. Harsh, angry words, wound hearts and tend to make life bitter, so we try never to use them. Profane words, in conversation, seem to us like dirty finger-marks on white walls, or tares and scratches on a beautiful picture, so we never will indulge in profanity. The use of drinks that intoxicate weaken the brain, wastes money which is the result of labor, deadens the intellect and blunts the finer feeling of men till at last the fashion becomes the habit—the habit a curse which brings the most skilful workman from the top of the wall, and from council with those who plan, to a level below that from which he started. So we will never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. How many boys in the land dare make and honor such resolutions? How many men dare thus resolve and live all of this year? We do

not say they must, for we have no right thus to speak. How many a fond, loving mother would rather her son would thus resolve and live than to receive a new lease of life? How many a wife, whose heart is ever heavy and whose vision is ever clouded by the thoughtlessness of a dissipated husband, would rather he would say to her that no more would he by drink blur his mind, and disorder his heart to the finer feelings, than to receive the finest present the world could bestow? How many a son, husband, brother, could thus make the new year—the coming year—all years, happy ones to himself and those he loves, with such a present, that costs nothing and is laden with benefits. If boys and men would build upon their manhood, and live to a purpose, each week of life would be a pleasant picture to contemplate, as the noble worker looked back thereon from his resting-place with all the home ones each Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HOMELESS CHILD.



FEW days since a poor little German girl, of six years, came to this city on an emigrant ship with her father and mother. The father died as the vessel landed; the mother, sick with nervous fever and prostration, died within a few days in a low boarding-house where she had been taken. The little girl was thus left a stranger in a strange land, without a home or loved ones to care for her. She was taken care of by the police, and now a home has been found for her. And who do you think gave her shelter and a corner of their hearts? A rich merchant, say you?

No. The man who took her to his home was a poor German—a workman in a piano manufactory. The father of five children, the eldest not yet ten years of age. While talking about this little girl, he said, in his broken English :

“ Mine heart came clear to mine throat when I saw her in the police station-house, with no one to love her. It is pretty hard times at our house, with seven mouths to feed, and only one pair of hands to earn the money, and I was going home ashamed of myself. Just then she looked with her blue eyes into my eyes, and looked so hurt, and heart-sick, and scared like a little baby, I said I would go ask my wife about her right away. All the way home I thought of my little ones, and how they came to me, and I said to my wife, if our babies come to us *this way* this poor little homeless one came *that way*, and it was all the same. Then my wife said it was all right—that our little Meenie should sleep in the bed with us, just as she did when a little

baby, and that poor little Marjie should have Meenie's little bed in the corner. And now she is one of us already, and just as good as all the rest.

"The times are pretty hard, but a man with a good home is rich enough to take care of one little orphan, and then I would want somebody to take care of my babies, if their mother and their father were dead, and they had no home of their own."

We cannot help loving the piano-maker. Why, do you know that the heart of this poor man is larger than many a palace in this country—many a church? It was large enough to take in a poor little waif, and there are thousands and thousands of houses, owned by rich men, where, for the world, the inmates would not be bothered by homeless children. It was not for us to ask the religion of this poor man. If he had said he had no religion, we should tell him at once that he was guilty of falsehood or was mis-

taken. No matter where he came from—no matter if his hands are hard—his heart is in the right place, and it does seem as if the little help he gave the orphan child, on her road over the thorns, would aid him many a mile on the road that leads to the beautiful gardens of rest.

Little do the children, the boys and girls in their country homes, think of the terribleness of orphanage in great cities, or they would love their homes more, and always be careful to be good children. In the country are green fields, forests, rivulets and rivers; flowers and pasture. There are houses and homes here and there, and hardly an orphan or a homeless child for miles. There are children to play with—beautiful things to see, and no such hard, thankless life, cold and unfeeling, like the stones in the streets, as the poor children of the cities have for their homes.

It may be that the German piano-maker has

faults—but he has virtues and charity. Better a sinner with a warm heart and sympathy for the poor than a saint in snow. The one sometimes cares for others—the frozen saint cares only for himself. Perhaps the poor man finds it work to keep the wolf of hunger from his door. It may be that he has been laughed at by companions for saving his earnings and for having a home, but now he is king over them all, for as did the blessed Saviour whose life was for and with the poor rather than the selfish rich, he has said: “Suffer little children to come unto me.”

We know good angels—good spirits—good thoughts will be his, and for those of his home, as will come to all of us who are kind and thoughtful of those who are in distress. At best we are all but children, with a home yet to find; but as we are kind to others—to the poor and the weak ones—so will the Good Father be kind to us, and give us a home with His children

after we shall have crossed the Great Ocean, and stand waiting for some one to lead us—to start us on the way in the life beyond the work of the present, and the weary Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER VII.

### WANTING TOO MUCH.

**P**EOPLE are to blame for much of their unhappiness. They want too much. They have no control over their wishes—continually long for the impossible and thus run to want as vines run to weeds if not pruned. Not many days ago we visited a gentleman at his house on business. He sent a note saying he wanted to see us at once, on important matters. We never before saw such a family. His want was purely a speculative one, not worthy the thought or attention of any person of sense. While in his house his wife told us of her wants. His five children had

more wants than ten grown people could supply. The man wanted to be rich. He wanted to be helped into some place where he could make money. If he could be assisted to some official position, anywhere, he would willingly give one half the salary to whoever would help him to the place. It was for this he wanted an interview.

“What is your present business?”

“Foreman of a manufacturing establishment.”

“What wages do you receive?”

“Forty-five dollars a week.”

“Unusually good wages. Can you not support your family on that sum?”

“Yes, but I want to make money. My wife wants so many things I cannot get for her. The children all want so many things, I dread coming home. Their mother tells them to tease father till he gets what they want. When the children are not teasing me for something, their mother is--if I will only buy something or



other for them; and as I can have no peace as a poor man, I must find some way to be a rich man."

"What does your wife want most?"

"She wants a gold watch and a long chain to wear around her neck, and she wants a new silk dress, and a new stylish bonnet, and new furniture for the parlor, and a new set of dishes, and a better house than this, and a private teacher for the children, and a piano, so Maggy and Kittie can take music lessons, and wants me to wear a nice suit of clothes on the street so folks will not think I am a mechanic, that I can take off, and put on old clothes in the shop; and she wants me to get into some office, and into a respectable position in society."

"What will it cost to satisfy her desires in this respect for appearances?"

"Several thousand dollars."

"What do the children want?"

"They want everything they see. The boys

want watches, rings, jewelry, good clothes and genteel places, where they can get good wages and have nothing much to do. The girls want nice shawls and new dresses, and fancy shoes, and to take lessons in dancing, and to have the house look nice like the house of a rich man a few doors from us, and they want me to promise that I will get what they all want, at once. I tell you, sir, I am worried to death by wants, and I must find some more lucrative employment ; so I want an office—one with good perquisites. Then I can get along.”

. . . . .

This Saturday night, alone in our library, closing the work of the week, it seems a duty to answer the man of many wants plainly, and as a brother should speak with brother.

Such a man is a slave to his own weakness. He is not fit to hold office, for each member of his family would be a constant tempter to dishonesty. To have peace in his family and

gratify foolish wants, we fear he would soon become dishonest, and cause other people to suffer. The man is not master of his own house, much less of himself. His wife is a poor, weak, silly, selfish, and heartless woman, unfit to bring up a family of children. She does not deserve the honest, hard-working husband she has. She does not try to help him to be happy and comfortable in his home, or to provide a fund in anticipation of a day of sickness or disaster. She continually complains. Her desire is only to make an appearance—to make people believe they are rich or dishonest. She has lost sight of the souls, the hearts, the minds of her children, and is educating the girls to false lives and to sell themselves to the highest bidder, as she is educating her boys to be dishonest, dishonorable men. Such wives drive good husbands to crime, to disgrace, to want. They start their girls on the insane road for silks, satins, laces, flounces, furbelows, nick-nacks, false hair, false bosoms,

false color to their cheeks, and all that army of useless wants, to gratify which, drive men to forgery and murder, and women to lives of shame and a market of their virtue, that their bodies may be fashionably ornamented and attired.

It is right for a man to gratify all the wants of life he can, without injury to others or to himself. It is the duty of a man to educate his children to usefulness, not to vain show, and to teach himself and his family to live within, that they may never be compelled to live without, their means. There are thousands of men being driven by their families to premature graves, as there are thousands of wives who have no idea of the cost of money—of the worth of money, of the life-long struggle of their husbands to obtain it, and who live only to wear out a husband, shine above other women, and with the life insurance money realized by the death of a husband, have the means to flirt and start anew on the road to ruin.

He is not a good husband, a kind father, a provident provider who allows his family to torment his life and his home with a continual importuning for the means to gratify idle wants. There should be reason in all things. The good man is firm and kind. He will see that he lives within his means, and that his children are taught to do likewise. He will guard the reputation of his wife, that she may not heedlessly through selfishness acquire the name of a heartless wife and mother, who would sacrifice all there is noble, and good, and loving, and honorable in nature, for the gratification of fashion, and weakening of the mind and the degradation of true manhood or womanhood.

Such wantonness of desire on the part of man or woman is an evidence of weakness. People educate their children in the art of deception and keeping up of appearances far more than in the art of becoming true men and women. It is not dress or fine houses that make men happy

or women good. There is something beyond all this. It is the duty of every person to appear at all times, in dress and in mind, as well as they can consistently with their circumstances, but beyond this no honest person can or will go. The good father will help his children to weed out the imaginary from the actual wants. To do this is the first lesson in honesty. Then he will be kind to his home ones. He will save his earnings to make his home pleasant, and to educate his children to fill only honorable positions in life. The good wife will not be selfish, heartless, cruel to her husband and intent only on style, but will so live, and help her husband to live within his means that each may have a respect for the other, for without such full respect there never can be true, lasting love, but in place thereof, ruined homes, abandoned lives, dishonorable actions and degradation, all following, as hyenas follow an army—that invisible army of idle, useless wants.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE WANTS OF THE RELEASED CONVICT.



TODAY, seated in our library, by the desk, before the fire, safe from the storm, we have been looking over the shadowy plains of the past, to see what became of all the boys and girls we knew as schoolmates. What a history! What a variety of life experiences. How the old playmates are scattered. Some are dead to this world, because unthought of. Some have gone into obscurity. A few of the girls we knew are the wives of good husbands, while others are ragged, wretched slaves to men who wallow in poverty following their dissipations. One of our old chums married a

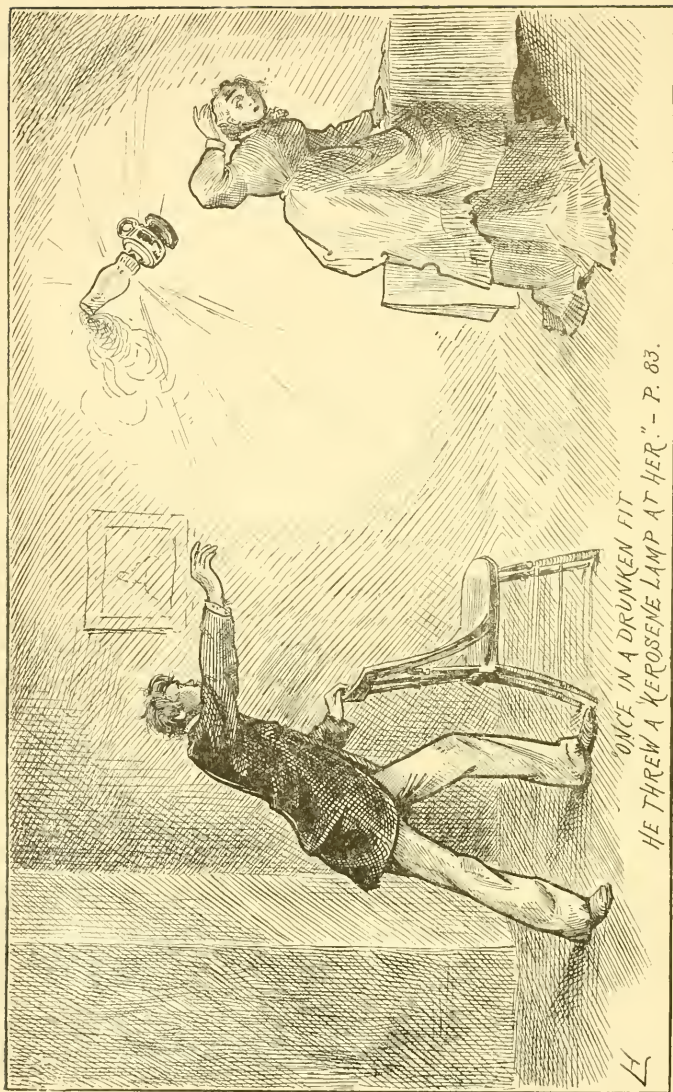
girl who squandered all he could earn for her dress. Then to appear more stylish she received attentions and money from other men when he was from home. The husband was a church member. When convinced of the infidelity of his wife he wanted to go away and begin life anew alone. But the church said he must not; that what God joined together no man should put asunder, lest religion come into ridicule. So he shouldered his cross, bent his back to the burden—closed his eyes to what he could not help, lest society be weakened! At first he tried to drown his sorrow in labor, but in vain. Then he took to drink, and from its effects died.

The neighbors said his wife killed him by her actions. But we always thought and said that the church was his murderer, exactly as a great stout man who found a poor lamb out in the cold freezing, and kept it there till it died would be a murderer.

Another schoolmate became the wife of a







“ONCE IN A DRUNKEN FIT  
HE THREW A KEROSENE LAMP AT HER.” - P. 83.

fancy young man who always attended shooting matches, horse-races, and other places where men were noisy and drank plenty. He was a young man who could live without work. A few months since we saw him. He is a confirmed beastly drunkard, dirty and abusive, supported by his once beautiful wife. For years he has beaten her and abused her shamefully. Once in a drunken fit he threw a kerosene lamp at her. It broke, set fire to the house, and they were driven homeless into the street. She supports her husband and two scrawny, ragged, scared-looking children by going from house to house to scrub and labor, as totally unlike her former sprightly, beautiful self as a skeleton is unlike a blushing bride. She has actually wept over her blighted life till her fountain of tears is dry, and she can weep no more. She, too, has been cursed by a drunken husband. Often has she wanted to go away; to take her children where she could support them, beyond the influence and abuse of

their father. But the church of which she is a member says that wives must submit themselves to their husbands; and if she dare rebel against church laws and seek by honest labor for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, she should be branded as an outcast.

Poor woman! The church to which she belongs owns her, and keeps her a victim in torture, even as heartless boys keep flies and birds pinned or nailed to a tree to see how long their agony will last before life gives out.

What set us to thinking to-night of the old times was that just before starting from the office a middle-aged man entered the door and said to an office attendant that he wanted to see the writer hereof. On being shown to our private room the following conversation ensued:

“You do not remember me?”

“No. What is your name?”

“You do not remember the boy who used to go with you to school, and who lived in the

brown house where the cherry-trees and you were so well acquainted?"

"Yes, but you are not that person?"

"Indeed I am."

"It does not seem possible! You look to be twenty years the eldest—you have the same eyes, but you look used up."

"So would you, had you been where I have been for seven years past."

"Where is that?"

"In State Prison."

"You in State Prison? What for?"

"Grand larceny."

"Surely, you must be jesting?"

"Indeed, I am not."

"We never heard of it."

"I was in under an assumed name."

"Seven years in State Prison! That is a long while."

"It may seem a long while to you, but it was ten times longer to me. You try it once, and count the days as I have—two thousand five

hundred and fifty-five days, shut up like a dog in a churn-mill."

"What do you want now?"

"I want help! That is what I want!"

"What kind of help?"

"I want money. I want food. I want clothes. I want a situation somewhere."

"How long since you came out?"

"Four days."

"Had you no money when you came out?"

"Yes, I had twenty-two dollars."

"What did you do with it?"

"I used six dollars for this coat; four dollars to pay my fare here to see you, and the rest I have used up."

"What on? Wine or women?"

"Well, I've used it up, and now I want you to help me. You have a business and a reputation as a philanthropist, and I want to see what it all amounts to."

"We cannot do it."

“Why? Because I have been in prison?”

“No; more guilty men are out of prison than in.”

“Then, what is the reason?”

“Because you deserve no help as you demand. But four days since you were given freedom. In that time you have spent all your money for drink. Your breath comes like the fumes of a pig-pen, hot and sickening. You are even now almost helplessly drunk. If you, on getting out of one trouble, want to rush into another, go it. You are old enough to know better. Drink has been the ruin of your life. When you were rich as an inheritor of property, we were sneered at by you for being a mechanic.

“But that is nothing. You squandered while we toiled and earned. You lost several good situations by your indulging in spree. In one of those sprees you committed a crime, and have paid the penalty. Were you sober, not for the world would we ever call to mind your error, but

you came out of one scrape, and the first thing you do is to fit yourself for another. It is useless to lift to his feet a man who persists in wallowing in the gutter. You can have a supper, but nothing more till you come in such manner as to be an evidence that you wish to recover your manhood, and then you shall have assistance. Go, now, with this young man, who will see that you have food ; then go where you spent your money for that which has made you drunk again and obtain employment of them."

To-night we have been thinking of the old times ; of our duty to those who need help, and have thought, perhaps, we did not do right. The new year has begun with its trials ! That man had been in prison. What of that ? His debt against the law had been paid. He is better than thousands who ought to be in prison—who rob and steal when not in want or driven to it. Better than thousands who are out of prison only to live on the earnings of others—to abuse their



wives and families. All there is of the good, the fresh and the pure is often dogged and dragged out of woman oversteeped in work and suffering. We cannot assist all, therefore it is our duty to first assist the poor, the unfortunate, the deserving ones who are striving to help themselves for some good purpose. We all owe duties to each other, but every person owes a duty to himself.

We feel sad to-night looking all about the room in which we write. All about our home, we see what labor and sobriety hath wrought and brought. Here is a cut-glass inkstand, made by a skilled artist. There, on the desk, is a fine metal watch-stand, curiously designed by a fellow-laborer, while on it is a watch, ticking and telling us in a companionable way that it is almost midnight. By the side of it is a bronze sponge cup, from the top of which a model of a kitten looks down to see what is below. That too is the work of genius, one of God's associates in the work of progression. Right there is a

match-safe of bronze, made to resemble a cannon, against which sits a bronze soldier. So the desk, and a score of fancy articles thereon, tell us of workers, as do the hundreds of articles all in and about the house. All these tell us how much we are dependent upon others for that which makes life attractive, and how kind and thoughtful we should always be of the rights and the wants of our fellow-men. They tell what industry will do for any one who prefers to work for what he has, and to be independent of all save the mercies and the blessings from a Higher power, and they also tell how easy it is for a man who will, to surround himself with that which adds to his happiness, and proves his worth as a citizen and supporter of brother laborers, even as they in some way aid him.

So we give that poor man our pity, and to sober workers and those who are victims of misfortune such assistance as we can. If men would care for themselves, they would need no assist-

ance other than from those who minister to the sick and the dying. Why will not boys take better care of themselves? We feel sad to think so many of them will not. Of a truth, those who will—those who dare be men, and to live to a good purpose, are the ones born to live in the gardens of the Eternal, while those who do not—who will not care for themselves, and so live as to develop the good rather than the bad, and the wasteful, and the vicious, must knock in vain when they first approach that door which is beyond the boundary of this life and which opens at once to admit those who are master workmen.

It is no use to feed one who is asleep. First let a man waken to know his wants, to realize his position, and to resolve to help himself. Meanwhile let us all who have kind hearts and good wishes for those who suffer, see how the most good can be done, and see how much assistance we can give to all who are deserving, or trying to be deserving, when comes the next Saturday night.



## CHAPTER IX.

### HAVING A GOOD TIME.

**W**HILE a cricket which came a few days ago to sing on the hearth has been chirping to-night we have been thinking and thinking, and thinking what constitutes manhood and genuine nobility. If you never gave the subject much thought, suppose, earnest fellow-worker, that you think with us, and perhaps agree that none of us are perfect. In a distant town lives a perfect specimen of manhood, as measured by the eye. He is a man, large, stout, handsome and rich. But he is very dishonest. He is cross and quarrelsome, especially to all his home ones, with whom he lives to make

them all feel that he is the great authority in all things, whose every wish must be gratified. We know another man who is smart, clever, talented and the father of a family of children. But he is coarse, profane and less attentive to the children of his house than he is to the horses and hogs by him considered only as property. Yet he would be called a specimen of perfect manhood.

We know another man who has a home which could be made a very happy one. In that home is a wife and three or four children, all of whom feel a deep love for him, the husband and father. But he cares very little for them. He spends his nights in places where crowds of men assemble to talk about horses and women—to drink and smoke—to tell smutty stories and set examples which, followed by their children, would make them all vagabonds. His home is but his eating-house; his wife the ever faithful cook, slave, nurse, washer and mender, expected to

bring up her children to be ladies and gentlemen when she has no assistance from her husband, nor time to rest. Yet they call that man a splendid fellow, and many a woman envies his heart-broken wife in having such a jolly fellow, so free with his money, for a husband.

We have two acquaintances, each of whom claims to be a nice man. They are nearly of the same age. One is quite well off—the other in moderate circumstances. Neither of them is stingy. One is a worker and a thinker, while the other has a rich father who furnishes money so the son can live at his ease and have a good time.

A few mornings since, by chance we met each of these acquaintances. Each had the night before had a splendid time. We heard one of them telling a particular friend in the car what a glorious time he had. Said he :

“ We had a splendid time last night. Four of us in the party. We had a magnificent dinner at

Brown's elegant new rooms. Brown keeps the best wines in the city. After dinner we played billiards till I won a hundred dollars. Then we started out for a good time. We got in a carriage and all went up to Rose Cottage, where we had two dozen bottles of wine, and the gayest time you ever saw. We shut the doors and had it all our own way. We upset a sideboard, split the piano cover, got every one in the cottage mad, then pleased again, when we ordered more wine, paid the damages, stayed there till four o'clock, and had a splendid time. It cost us about six hundred dollars for the night, all told, including breaking furniture."

The other man, whom we met two hours later, had a story to tell, how he too had been out the night before having a good time.

Said he :

"Saturday night, after I was paid off, I put two dollars in my pocket and started out to enjoy myself. How do you suppose I did it?"

“Took a lady friend to some place of amusement?”

“No—the snow was too deep.”

“Went back home?”

“No—not right away.”

“How then?”

“I walked along up the Bowery, and when I saw poor little children, five to seven, eight or nine years old, looking into candy shops, pressing their noses against the glass as if to smell of the good things within, I would give them pennies and tell them to go in and buy some. I sent more than fifty little ones in, or went in with them, then watched to see how they acted. Some ran home to tell somebody, and to divide, while others ate all the candy then and there, as though they never had tasted any of the material sweets of life before.

“Then I took five old men who were out begging, where for twenty cents each they had a better supper than they had eaten for many a



week, then slipped out after I had paid a dollar for them, before they knew I had gone. I have not seen them since. What do you suppose they thought—five old beggars who were strangers to the other. But I had the best time in a little dirty place on Baxter street, after I turned off from the Bowery. I found three old women in a cellar, sewing on coarse undershirts, by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp. In a half-starved grate or place where had been one once, a few bits of coal and cinders were throwing out warmth enough for them to warm their fingers by from time to time, as they worked almost night and day to earn each sixty cents a week. As I stood looking at them I thought—‘Suppose one of those poor old women were my mother! Well, most likely each of them is somebody’s mother, or was somebody’s mother, or had a mother once, whose love and care they miss.’

“Then I went to a grocery near by and bought a dollar’s worth of coal and took it to them.

“‘Here is your coal!’

“You ought to have seen them! They all declared it was not their coal—that they had not ordered any—they never had even hoped to be able to order so much. I told them it was theirs sure, for a man had said so.” I laughed at them, when one of them said:

“‘Please, good sir, don’t fool us! It is bad enough to be old and poor, without being made sport of by young men. Once I had coal to give to the poor, but it is a long time since then, sir. It is not for us, so please take it away.’

“Somehow I could not keep the tears from my eyes, as I thought of their waiting in the cold for the good angel death to come and take them to a new and beautiful home, and I said:

“‘It is all yours. It was bought for you, and I brought it. Let me put some on the grate, and so it will be warmer here.’

“Two of the old women put their work down and looked at me, then at each other. The one

I had been talking with put her hands on my shoulders, looked me in the face with her sad, large eyes, and as the tears ran down over her cheeks, said in a trembling voice :

“‘ You do not know how you have warmed all our hearts. We all thank you, and I will pray that good angels will always come to you, as you have come to us to-night, the first of my home with these two poor creatures, who, when I was turned out of the last and only shelter I had left, told me to come and live with them.’

“That was all she said, for the tears came so fast she could say no more. I hurried out, the tears in my eyes too. Then I went to the grocery and bought a loaf of bread, a piece of dried beef, a little tea and some apples, and sent them in by a boy, while I stood out in the snow to look in. When he took the things down the steps and into the little cellar room, I could hear him tell them that a man had sent them in,

and could see the old woman who had talked to me put her head down on the edge of the box they used for a table, but I could not tell whether she was crying or praying.

“How I came to go there is more than I know, but I am not sorry. I did not need the two dollars I spent first, nor the rest I put with it, nor do I know who were the happiest, the little children, the five old men who were begging, or the three old women who were working, or myself. Nor did I know how much good could be done with a little money, nor how little one feels its absence when gone to make hearts lighter.”

. . . . .

The cricket is again chirping on the hearth as it was when we began to write. The watch says the noon of night is almost here, and that after the busy labor of the week it is time to rest, as we pray all the poor little children, and all who suffer, will in peace and forgetfulness of the

sorrows and hardships of the past, when the doors open and there is an entering into the joy, the surprise, the feasting and the happiness there is awaiting all who live to benefit others, when in the gardens of the Leal we enter after our final Saturday night."





## CHAPTER X.

### WHAT A SELFISH MOTHER DID.



FEW days ago, while passing through one of the many hospitals in this city, accompanied by a kind physician, the superintendent of the place said that a patient in an adjoining ward could not live long, and asked us to step in and see her. On a bed, propped up by pillows, her pale face and emaciated cheeks telling of consumption and its ravages, lay a woman about twenty-five years old. One of her hands, like that of a skeleton, rested on the white counterpane; the other held a bright red rose some one had given her, in

striking contrast with the white skin which covered the ruckle of bones of the hand, once so plump and beautiful. In response to the kindly worded inquiry of the physician, a slight flush reached her cheek, and the light of life glimmered and flickered in her dark, lustrous eyes, as if endeavoring to beat back the coming shadow, she said:

“Only a little while and I shall be free and at rest.”

“Yours has been a weary life ; are you loath to part with it ? ”

“No, indeed. Uncared for, wrongly guided and heart-broken, I have nothing left to live for but death and a new effort, if such thing can be.”

After a few more words the physician was called to administer to a patient elsewhere, saying he would return for us. Seated by the bedside of the sufferer in mind and body, as she was waiting on the shore of the new Time, we listened to the history of her life, told calmly and

as her ebbing strength would permit. And thus ran her recital :

“It is right you should know it. From my failure you may write words which will benefit others. Beautiful flowers sometimes grow over the graves of the poor as of the rich, and untrained vines may have as much medicinal virtue therein as have those most carefully watched. Once I had a home in the country. But it never was a real happy home. My father meant well, but he was cold, heartless to all save his horses and hunting dogs. All of us children were afraid of him. When he came in doors all play and merry-making ceased. It was his house ; his farm ; his mill ; his horses ; his dogs ; his money ; his home ; his friends ; his profits ; his servants ; his wife ; his children. On all occasions, as he talked to others, everything was his. He made all of us, mother, and brothers, and sisters, feel that he alone had the right to an interest in whatever was in, and



around and of our home, and that we, his home-ones, were of the least consequence of all.

“Then I was not so handsome as my sisters or my brothers. My mother was much like my father. She too was cold and selfish. I think he made her so by his life and ignoring of her as a partner. She came to look upon herself as isolated. She grew more and more selfish, and heart-wrapped in fashion. We had plenty to eat and to wear, only we were all so heart-hungry. Often have I felt bad seeing my father pet and caress his horses and his dogs, then turn to give *orders* to his children.

“My mother loved dress. She was a proud, haughty, selfish woman, whose hobby was propriety. She belonged to a church, and lived to attend service, to wear fine dresses, and to keep up appearances. She did not like me because I was not beautiful. When I was a little child she would shove me away from her and tell me she hated me because I was not so pretty as my

sisters. She would tell me anything was good enough for me, I was so homely. Then she would take my sisters with her, all dressed in their fineries, and tell them how pretty they were. If I wept because of her feelings toward me then she would punish me, and tell her visitors that I was a naughty, homely, bad girl, and that she was ashamed of me, and her visitors would say, 'Isn't it a pity she is not pretty?' or 'I'd send her off to school,' or something of that sort.

"I was frozen out from my mother's heart. There came a tired, wearying, dead load to my heart. Day by day I was made to feel that I was not loved. My sisters called me homely and took pains to tell me how much nicer their dresses were than mine. When I had trouble I had no one to go to. My father never thought of me, except when I was in his way. My mother had smiles for others, but none for me. At last, as I learned how cold and selfish, and heartless she was, I grew away from her, and was

glad she did not love me. In time my life became unbearable. I left home because it was not a home. In the night I ran away and came on the cars to this city. Then I changed my name, and sought work everywhere. At last I found a place in a candy store at four dollars a week wages. I paid all of that for board and washing. How I was expected to live and dress myself well on such wages I do not know. After a few months my clothes became shabby. One day the proprietor of the store was told by his wife that I did not dress well enough to draw custom. Then he told me if I did not wear better clothes I must leave. Then I told him just the truth, and he said he'd see about it in a day or two. That night he remained in the store after the others had gone, and said he wanted to talk with me. He wanted me to go out with him to a concert the next Sunday night. I went with him because he talked so good and kind to me. It was a concert in the church. He was a

church member. He said it helped his business to belong to the church. He furnished candies, and suppers for parties and made money. We went to the concert. He gave me twenty dollars as we came back to where I boarded. I bought some new clothes. He was very kind to me, and gave me more money. His wife was satisfied with me, and said I did well to use my money for dress.

“One night I went out to walk with him to see a cousin, as he said. At her house, we were alone in a room together. I do not know how it was, but we had a supper together. After supper, I felt very queer and dizzy, and reckless. When I left his cousin’s house, I was ruined. He gave me more money, and said he would do right by me. I believe I loved him because he was kind to me. Yet he had ruined me. Night after night I cried myself to sleep, thinking of my home, of my father, of my mother, and wishing I were a dog or a horse so that my father

would love me ; or a new silk dress, or article of jewelry instead of a homely child, so that my mother would love me.

“ After a few months I had to leave there. The man said I could not stay longer. I went away, but could get no work. Then I pawned all the articles he had given me, and the things I had purchased with his money. So I got along till my baby was born. I lived in a garret on crusts. My baby was taken to a foundling home, and I have seen it but a few times. It is better that I do not. The poor little thing thinks its father was a soldier, and its mother with him is dead.

“ When I got well, what could I do ? I had no money. Weak and heart-crushed I walked from house to house for work. I had no recommends ; women would not talk with me. Some said I was drunk, because I was too weak to walk straight ; others said I drank because my eyes were red from weeping. Christians looked at

church spires, but not at the poor, as did the Saviour. The law was against me. I heard once from home that I had been cursed because I had left. Once I went to a minister's study, and asked his advice. He said :

“ ‘Go out and go away quickly, for if you are seen here I am ruined in reputation.’ ”

“Twice I called on noted Christian women to beg of them for some work or to find me some place where I could scrub floors or do the most menial service, but they were too good to talk with me, and drove me from their doors. What could I do? There was suicide or starvation—the city of the dead or the city of the living! I threw myself upon the latter, till at last I am here to enter the confines of the former.

“But I am not bad. Every step for years has been on points of agony. The crown of thorns on the head of the Saviour was not more painful than the crown of grief on my heart, planted there in early childhood by my mother, and

pressed deeper and deeper into the sensitive soul by that society to please which I was first crucified. My life was wrecked long since. But there was a cause for it. Never went a girl to study the streets of the town unless she had a cause for thus turning her steps. In a little while I shall be a beginner in the new life, where I know I shall be forgiven, for I have in tears and contrition forgiven those who drove me forth, and those who were not brave enough, when they had the power, to help and to save me to a life of usefulness. Tell my mother that I forgive her, even for driving me from her heart, then from home, and thus to the life which has brought me here; and when you pray, forget not those who suffer beyond their strength."





## CHAPTER XI.

WHY NOT TRY TO BE A MAN?

**B**ETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, when we were a happy, hopeful farmer boy, a man came to the neighborhood where we were brought up, and purchased a few acres of land, on which grew trees and briers. One day, while hunting for wintergreen berries in the woods, we came upon the new comer busy at work cutting down trees, that the ground might be cleared away and a home made there. Said he:

“My little man, will you do me a favor?”

“Yes sir, if I can. What do you want?”

“I am very thirsty. Will you empty the



berries from your little tin-pail out on the top of that stump, and go to the spring down there and bring me a pail of good, cold water?"

"Yes sir, with pleasure."

After emptying the berries, as directed, we scampered away and in two or three minutes had returned with a pail filled with water. The man whirled his axe deep into the wood, left it sticking there, sat down upon a log, wiped the perspiration from his brow, then took a long drink from the pail filled with cold, clear spring water.

"There! That is the stuff—the best stuff in the world when a man or boy is thirsty. I thank you, my little man. When I get my house built here, come and take dinner with me, and I'll wait on you!"

"Are you going to build a house 'way up here in the woods?"

"Yes—soon as I have a place for it cleared off, and the trees and limbs all burned and out of the way."

“Have you any children?”

“Yes, I have three, and they will be here when my house is built. So will their mother, and you can come and visit us then!”

While he rested, we talked. Somehow he seemed like a real good, heartsome man. He asked questions; told us about his boys and girls; ate a few of the berries we gave him as we put them from the stump back into the pail, and then went again to his work, while we went our way. All that afternoon we heard the echoing sound of blows from his axe. Occasionally a tree crashed down to the earth. Then the talk of the axe would be heard again. Day after day he worked there. At times he would come to our home to talk and rest awhile after the work of the day was done. The opening grew wider and longer day by day till two acres of ground had been chopped over, the trees cut into logging lengths, and the brush cut and piled into heaps. Then the man went away.

One day in the early summer we saw clouds of smoke up there on the hill-side. Then the flames leaped and crackled, as fire was consuming the piles of dry brush. He was a worker—he made it red-hot up there, and left the spot where his labor had been given black and unsightly. In a few days we saw men and yokes of oxen up there at work to roll the logs into piles at the lower edge of his clearing, that they might be burned in time. Then we saw a man with a plough drawn by oxen—and before winter the green blades of winter wheat came out of the blackness of the soil with a promise to reward the one who had pioneered his way to break down the old and build up the new.

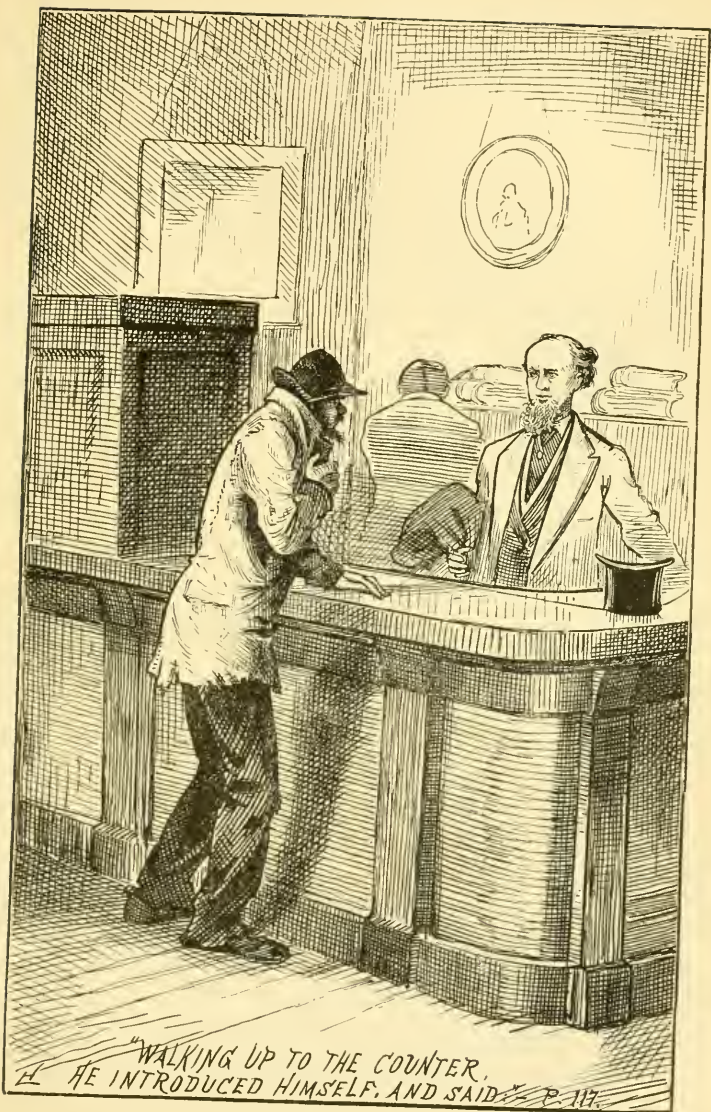
In time our friend had builded a house, and his home was made. One day we took dinner there, while still a lad not yet in teens, and saw how nicely he had all things fixed about him. The house had been erected close by the spring. The rooms in the house were neat and clean

as a tidy housewife could make, and a neat family could keep them. The man had a beautiful, happy home. He had made it by hard work—he was a builder; one of God's noblemen, and one who gave good examples.

Now, he is a great farmer of wealth. His sons have grown to useful manhood. His daughter graces the home of one of the thriving merchants of this city, and is to-day the same sweet, noble, sensible, earnest woman as was her mother. Last summer we met the old farmer, who now is able to travel over the country, see the people, note improvements and live at ease. Speaking of the old time, the first work of the clearing, his large, well-tilled farm and beautiful home, he said :

“Yes, there is a wide difference between now and then. My farm and home are as I planned and worked to make them, and I feel that I have not lived in vain.”

That is what he said. His exact words.



"WALKING UP TO THE COUNTER,  
H HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF, AND SAID," P. 117.



Search the books—find a sentence more filled with evidences of a great, true, powerful manhood if you can. But you will hunt in vain. His farm and his home as he had made them! He had not lived in vain! Indeed he had not. Two nobler men than are his sons—two happier husbands and fathers cannot be found. The good example their father set has been honored.

. . . . .

To-night, as we were preparing to leave the office, a man entered, with coat-collar muffled close about his face. There seemed something about him familiar. Walking up to the counter he introduced himself, and said :

“Of course you know me. I have been in your Western office when you were there, many times. I am so glad to see you. I said to myself to-day, says I, ‘If I could only see you it would be all right.’ I know you won’t ‘go back’ on an old friend, will you?”

“What is the trouble?”

“I want a hundred dollars. Want to borrow it. Will pay it some day. You have got it and can spare it, and won’t go back on an old friend, I know. I want to go back to Chicago.”

“How long have you been in New York?”

“Two weeks, and I want to go back to Chicago.”

“Why don’t you go?”

“Why? I am out of money.”

“Where is your family—wife and babies?”

“They are in Chicago, and I want to go back there.”

“Where is your baggage?”

“It’s all in pawn, and I am dead broke!”

“How long have you been on this spree?”

“Who told you I had been on a drunk?”

“You tell me—your eyes, bloodshot and inflamed; your parched, swollen lips; your hot, swillish breath.”

“O, come now, you are rough! I didn’t come



for a lecture—I want a hundred dollars until I can earn it and pay you back.”

“You cannot have it.”

“Do you mean it? Why not?”

“For several reasons.”

“What are they?”

“You are not deserving of it. We do not have it to spare. You are four years older than we are, and are just as much bound to take care of yourself as we are to take care of you. When you had money, you went on a spree—have been on a drunk for ten days. You kept it up till you had squandered all you had, and now want to go home, sick, fevered, filled with poison, to be nursed by your wife, who for years has been cursed and held on the hot gridiron of torture on your account, as this is a common trick of yours. What does a woman want of the fevered dregs of a drunken carouse? Why should we work here for two weeks to earn a hundred dollars to give you as pay for your two

weeks making a fool of yourself? You are a man. Of mature years and of good intellect. You even claim to be smart. You have a family, and will not care for them. We have a family, and intend to provide our home-ones with such comforts as they deserve. You pleased yourself in getting drunk, and you can please yourself in getting sober. You spent your earnings foolishly, —now go to work and earn more money, and then go and spend that for drink and in haunts of vice if you want to. This is your privilege. This is a free country. Get into the gutters and stay there, if such is the resting-place you choose. We have something else to do besides working to reward men for not taking care of themselves.”

“You are mighty rough! You would not dare talk to me this way if I was not in hard luck. I don’t want a temperance lecture—I want a hundred dollars!”

“We are not so rough to you as you are to

yourself! You are your own guardian. How can you ask us to be better to you than you are to yourself? Had you been taken ill—met with an accident, or been robbed, we would help you, if in our power. But when you deliberately *rob yourself*, you are a coward to ask any man to help you suffer the consequences.”

“I don’t like such talk!”

“Then deserve better. You are your own master. But you need being wakened. If you cannot buy experience to suit you with money, obtain it from the want of money. You had things your way in spending your money—have it all your own way in recovering it, without let, help or hindrance. The man who will not *take care of himself when he can*, is not worth taking care of when he can’t.”

The man went his way, but where we do not know.

Boys!—you who live in country as well as in city homes—tell us what you think of the two

men told of. One of them planned and worked to make for himself and family a home. He succeeded, and did it by work and economy. Now he can rest, and be happy. The other man has hewed out his resting-place. His life is as he has made it. He is on the road which leads to a miserable old age, and a pauper grave. Which of the two men would you be? We are not giving you a lecture on Temperance, but we would have you realize that your future rests with yourselves. You can build homes or gutters to live in.

The man who subdued a portion of the forest will enter the Gardens of God a full life-time in advance of the creature of dissipation, who has no care for others nor of himself. The one will be called to councils of the spirits—of men re-born to a real life, while the other will be a wanderer on the shore and a beggar for knowledge, till the mind, which is the man, has been strengthened and taught that which the man

should have learned here on earth. He will enter the new life worse off than when he entered this, for his mind will be weak where it might have been strong—it will be like the rough boulder fallen from the mountain side to the plain below, when by care and study he might have been like a beautiful piece of living sculpture, walking with those on the heights who are pressing on through all the millions of Eternal colleges lining the way to the Great Master, who will welcome all good workmen no matter what their religion, when they shall come to him in the life of love and progressive knowledge beyond the welcome Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XII.

### A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

**T**O-DAY we have really enjoyed a visit from a farmer, whose home is several hundred miles from here, and who came to the city now for the first time in his life. Some “wise” people sneer at farmers, and say they know nothing. Others turn up their noses at them, and consider the tillers of the soil and the makers of the country but little better than the cattle they drive. It is an old saying—“An honest man is the noblest work of God.” And where do you find honest men if not in the country, in the rural districts—on the farms and in the happy homes made beautiful by labor?

It is years since we left the furrow and the pets of the farm for the more laborious and perplexing work of the sanctum; yet the attractions of a life in the country, the memories of the past and the hope some day to rest and in quiet to see the sun set behind life's western hills never will leave us. All-powerful are the early lessons of childhood, as pictures are graven on the tablet of life before the heart and the hope are marred, scarred and made rough by constant contact with events and struggles to live and to preserve that honesty of purpose which clothes true manhood and protects it on the voyage to the mellow-tinted gardens of the Leal.

Said our visitor to-day :

"This then is your workshop? The place where you do your work. You scatter good seed over much ground. You sow truth and independent thought broadcast, as we farmers do wheat, and deserve rich rewards. But are you not often weary?"

“Yes, at times very weary. But are we not commanded by that kind and Supreme Being who is our Father in Heaven to work while the day lasts and to be faithful in earnest efforts?”

“Yes, yes; but how can you *think*, here in the noise—in the uproar and tumult of a driven life? Why, the noise distracts me, and it seems as if all the people I meet are going crazy in their desire to do business—to make money—to outrun their neighbors. How can you *think* to write?”

“Discipline and application. It is as easy to work here when there is work to do, as for a boy to drive a team through the streets of a village when he knows where he wants to go and is intent more on reaching his destination than merely seeing the sights.”

“Yes, I understand. But I would not exchange places with you, unless for the chance to do more good here than I can do at home. Your city life bothers me. There is too little heart in it. Too much fashion. Too much attention to



dress and appearance. In the woods, we can tell what kind of a tree it is we are standing under, but here in the city it seems as if the timber was all veneered to hide what was inside."

"Very true, sir. Veneering is the order of the day. Our country is being veneered by corruption as the people are rushing all too blindly after wealth."

"Yes, that is the trouble. And I like to see the veneering stripped off, that we may know the true from the false, and, for one, I have come to thank you for what you are doing. Politically we do not agree, but I have tired of politics, and have learned to look beneath such pretexts for power, and join with any one who is honest, for now there is more than ever a work for honest men to do. You are younger than I by half a lifetime; but there is work we can both engage in. When you are weary here come to my home and rest. Come and gather strength for the coming conflict. Men do not last so long in the city

as in the country. Last week I was seventy-four years old, and now I am well and hearty as ever. You men in cities work too fast. You want to do everything in one day. You abuse the gifts you should preserve. You live too much in harness. Rest more, and live longer, that you may do more good.

“Now, I have a home in the country. There is no such wealth there as here, but no such poverty do we have to witness. We have fresh air, good friends, truer friendship. I have a home in the country. For fifty-three years I have worked to make my home, and to make it beautiful. I have wronged no man. Labor has brought abundant reward. Children have grown up around me in whom I am proud, for they are good, and kind, and loving, and bring only joy to my heart. The morning and the evening are not fringed with regrets, or torn with pictures of dissipation about our home in the country. Houses are not kept locked and double locked by day and by

night, nor do uniformed officers of the law patrol up and down in front of my house as they do here. My sons grew to manhood away from the sights and scenes of city life which harden hearts and lead men to dishonest acts, false lives and premature graves. My daughters have grown to be women, good, pure and full of sympathy for all who are in distress. We have all learned to work and thus to preserve our health, and are not slaves to that army of imaginary wants which, to gratify, drive men and women to poverty, and nations to ruin.

“When you are weary come to our home in the country, where birds have their freedom ;—where flowers bloom in season, and where it is not a crime to think or to have ideas befitting many men of many minds. Where Christianity is not bound in the silken cords of fashion, and where church spires are not the thermometer falsely indicating the attitude of the soul, as in cities where men and women live too much for appear-

ances and too little for the development of the good, the great, and the ennobling.”

Thus talked our aged visitor, who now has returned to his home in the country, to enjoy his sunset. His talk was of men and of manhood, as his life has been one of honor and profit. He has lived his life in one of the rural homes of the land, and has lived it well, creating and enjoying blessings unhedged by envy and untainted with dishonor, as can all the boys and young men who may read these lines, and who have their own honor, prosperity and manhood in their own keeping, away from the pitfalls and the temptations which so beset the young in large cities, from Sunday morning till Saturday night.





## CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE POOR BOY CAME TO BE RICH.



IGHTEEN years ago to-night!

It does not seem so long, but there can be no mistake. We were sitting in one of the depots of the Erie Railway waiting for an eastern-bound train of cars on which a young friend was to take passage for the great city of New York. He had just entered on his fifteenth year, and had already learned to look fate in the face, and to believe that his destiny and future, so far as this life was concerned, rested much with himself. As we sat on a bench, waiting for the train, we remember the little talk we had as though it were but a year ago.

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“What will you do in New York, Henry?”

“Anything that is honorable, no matter how hard the work. And I’ll try to take care of myself, too.”

“But suppose you find nothing to do?”

“Then I’ll hunt till I do find a place. I’ll find somebody who is afraid of work, and when he quits I’ll take his place.”

“That is a good idea. But what do you want to do well for?”

“I want to see how well I can do for my own satisfaction, and I want to have a nice home some day for Maggie. You know we are willing to wait for each other. Her mother says we will know whether we love each other or not by the time I am of age, and so it is fixed that we are to wait. I am a year the eldest, and it seems that I am a man, now that I have a hope, and an object in life to strive for.”

Just then the whistle of the steam was heard as the train came rushing around a curve, dashed

up to the station, was stopped long enough for a few persons to step off and others to step on the cars. In a moment our boy friend had gone—passed on towards the east. The train plunged into the darkness and rushed on to the city beyond, where our friend knew he would find friends, for he went forth with good intentions, determined to deserve them.

. . . . .

To-night we were an invited guest at the beautiful home of one of the merchants of this city. A neat, well-built, good-sized, finely furnished brick house near the Central Park. After dinner, as we were seated in his library, we listened attentively as he said :

“Yes, times have changed with both of us since that night. Providence has been good to me, and I have tried to be good to myself. There is more in being good to yourself than people think for. I had it pretty hard for quite awhile after reaching the city. It was no easy matter

to find a place, no matter how vigilant the watch for places or how many attempts to find a position. For awhile I slept in the depot on a bench, and helped the night-watchman sweep out, to pay for the lodging. Then I carried valises for passengers, and made something in that way. Then I was sick, and was taken to St. Luke's Hospital. When I got out, my old friend the watchman was dead—the new one would not let me sleep on the bench, and as it came warm weather I slept in a warehouse on the floor. After awhile a man drove me out from there, called me a vagabond because I was poor and had no home, and hit me on the head with a sort of iron cane he had, cutting a hole in my scalp, and causing that scar. A gentleman passing, in company with a lady, stopped to talk to me, as I sat on a curb-stone, too faint to walk. He took me to a hotel in the Bowery, and paid the landlord for my lodging and breakfast, then took me to a drug-store on the corner close by



and told the druggist to put something on my head, and told me when that was done to go to bed, and, after breakfast, to come to his office. He was a lawyer on Nassau street, and his name was Hamilton. He was very kind. I swept his office, did errands, and kept the place neat and clean. He paid my board, and gave me a dollar a week. After a few months he got me a place in a store, as a boy of all work, who wanted to learn the business.

“I had it pretty hard here, but no more so than the rest of the persons employed there. But I was not afraid of work. My employer here was very kind and good to me. He was never cross or ugly. He must have been a poor boy himself some day, as, indeed, he had been. When I saw that he was kind to me, and always explained to me what I did not then know, I tried my very best to please him. When he saw that I was always anxious to do all I could, he kept pushing me forward, to see, as he said,

what kind of stuff I was made of. He gave me some severe trials, and sometimes it seemed as if I must give up.

“Then I thought of my poor boyhood. Of Maggie, and how she was waiting for me. And of the future, and the reward I wanted it to bring. And of Maggie’s mother—and of my mother, who always was so good to me—and of my poor father, who was in poor health, and with a heavy family load to bear—and of the neighbors, who had said I never could succeed in a great city.

“The more I thought of all these things the harder I tried. When I did not clearly understand what to do, I asked my employer, and he would tell me. So I made but few mistakes.

“You see I *wanted* to be somebody. I *tried* to be. I wanted to know what I was good for. When other clerks went out to drink and to smoke, I remained in the store and worked. What wages were paid to me were saved, and

deposited in a savings bank. When the work of the day was done, I went to the house where I boarded, and read or studied. Then I went to bed early as possible, and was always at the office the following morning, fresh and rested. At the end of a year my employer said he would give me twice the wages he did the first year. Then I put into the work all the more. At the end of the second year he again raised my salary, and the day I was twenty-one years of age he invited me home to dine with him, and gave me a percentage on all the goods I could sell from his store.

“After that the work was easier. I made money. I tried my best to be polite and attentive, and think no one can say with truth that I was ever gruff, curt, unkind, or that I ever used a harsh or profane word or expression.

“I never spent my time in saloons, for I wanted to save the money for Maggie. Had I squandered my time, the business would not

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have been learned—my kind employer would have lost interest in me—I should have become a bundle of bad, expensive habits, and many of the pictures and beautiful articles my wife has bought and here placed about would never have been ours.

“I wanted to be a man. To be a successful man. To have a home and a business. To see what I could make of myself, and so I did my best—not once or twice, *but all the time*. When I went back home to marry Maggie she looked so glad and proud—all the more so, because she knew that many a man and woman there had said I never could amount to much of anything in the world. And the neighbors seemed to take an interest in me. The reward began to come—and it kept coming right along, little by little but constantly coming.

“Now we have a nice home. It is all ours. My old employer is still a silent partner in our business, and we get along excellently well. We

live here, as you see—Maggie and the three little ones, and I—all happy and contented. Business is good, for in the store we all try to make it so. We sell the best of goods, and never take advantage of a customer. We are too anxious to keep up the good reputation of our concern. I try to do by all the clerks as my employer did by me, and when I can assist one to a better place or position, or can assist him to start in business, it is a pleasure to do as I was done by years ago.

“I do not know as I can tell you how I have succeeded—only that I tried to—that I took care of myself—that I always did my best, and never stopped to doubt the result.”

Boys—what that man has done, all of you can do. He took care of himself. He had hope and a disposition to work. He was kind to others, and worthy the love of the pure country girl who had faith in the one her young heart had selected, and thus the two grew into glorious, useful man-

hood and womanhood, as they are even now growing in mind and strength, the better to enter as perfect workers upon the duties of that new life, in the Eternal City, beyond the darkness of present time, after we shall have wakened to the new and the beautiful, beyond the weary Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### SEEKING THE SUNSHINE.

**T**HIS afternoon we learned a lesson from a little black and white kitten. Not a poor little abused creature, kicked and cuffed and starved by children, who believe that kittens, no matter how innocent, were ordained to be tortured for being kittens by those who are in turn some time to be tortured for being human! This was a pretty little house-pet, with a clean coat of fur, a little red ribbon about its neck, and its pert, saucy ways seeming to crop out as thanks for the care and attention given it. For awhile it played about the floor, attracting attention and making

resting-places for one's thoughts, then it found a spot of sunshine a little larger than itself, on the carpet, and curled itself down nicely for a sleep.

In a little while we looked and saw that the golden spot of sunshine had moved on, and just then the kitten moved to rest in the gentle warmth. In a little while the spot and the kitten had again moved, the lesser following the greater. Do you ever think how full of lessons a day can be? What lessons there are in little things? One person passes along the street in a hurry to reach his place of business, and but merely notices what he calls a handsome show-window. Another person sees the window, pauses to examine its varied contents, notes the ingenuity evinced in the manner of display, and sees a hundred beautiful things the one who went by in such haste never noticed, or surmised of their existence. There are thousands of beautiful hills this side of the



grand mountains, as there are thousands of opportunities for men and women and children to find spots of sunshine, and to be happy, if they only will take one-half as much trouble to keep right, as to walk the wrong path which to many is so attractive because unnatural and exciting.

There are little spots of sunshine on every field. If not to-day, to-morrow. To these are joys and hours of happiness in exact proportion as we try to be happy, and to find the sunny spots. It is not necessary to be rich, or great, or powerful to be truly happy. Avarice is the curse of mankind. The spot of carpet warmed by the rays of the sun gave to the little kitten as much comfort as would all of out-doors. Then in its home it was safe and contented.

But few know how to be happy. The first requirement is goodness of heart. To be good we must work on our own natures. Improve our minds. Learn self-control. Be liberal to

others who are pilgrims on the same road. The perfect painting of the Madonna and Child in our library was not the result of careless daubing of colors or the careless, reckless hurry work of a poor workman. It is the work of a great artist. God only knows how many hours he studied and worked. Here a heavy, there a light touch, till at last, as rises a mountain from a plain, or the Heaven-designed truth of the liberal, progressive love of Him who is Our Father, from the dark dungeon of bigotry and ignorance, came forth the conception of the Inspired painter who gave us the picture of the mother and the child Jesus. We must not grasp for more than we can hold, for greater truths than a disciplined, inquiring mind can realize.

On the shore of the Eternal Home many a millionaire—many a child of wealth and fashion will sit in sadness to see and to feel the spirits of many a poor one, despised on earth, touch the

shore, be clasped by loving arms and go at once far on the road to the great Home of Inspiration. The gold he strove for—the wealth won by the tricks, deceits, sharp games and dishonest practices, and oftentimes expended for church spires and cushioned pews above and away from the poor, will be left on the shore of sin and sorrow, and struggling to still farther curse the evil disposed and the hypocritical, and the new life will be entered by a bankrupt who must *at some time* learn to control himself, and thus be truly greater than he who conquers millions.

We know a woman whose life has been but a chapter of torture. Early in life, to escape endless perdition, she embraced the first faith that was in horrible picturing presented. She grew to womanhood fearing God, fearing death, trembling over the punishment she was made to believe followed God's mercy and boundless love. Her soul, stricken by fear, terror-riven, afraid to even look out of its dark church prison-

house for that light, which is for all who care to enjoy it. To-day she is but a slave to a bigoted education—to ignorant fancies, to the ideas she does not believe in. Few have been the spots of sunshine in her life. She does penance to escape the wrath of Him who is of Heaven. The flower of love has never really bloomed in her heart. She is a wife, because she was commanded to wed one who demanded her hand of a greed-loving father that she might be the cushion for his lust to rest on, to her agony. Her soul is not her own. She obeys her minister and her husband. She attends the house of worship when the bell rings, then returns to her dish-water, catechism, and her slavery to him who owns her as he does his horse, his dog, his cows.

A few days since we met her at our home in the city, and she said :

“Oh ! what shall I do ? I am lost in the dark. When I would seek for light, they tell me it is

for woman to be in darkness. That she is born to suffer. Ordained to suffer for the glory of man. That I must not question the religion I was driven to, and crucified on; that I cannot believe. That I must not doubt, nor inquire, nor cultivate my powers of mind. That I must accept that which does not seem true or reasonable—that I must go with the tide, without an idea of my own, on to the final hour, and trust all to chance. Oh! tell me is that the truth?"

No, good woman, it is not the truth no more than ignorance is intelligence—darkness, light. The Chinese encase the feet of their female children in glass or wooden shoes. An hundred times have we looked to see with what pain, and how insecurely the victims of this practice walked. We call it cruel, yet it is kindness compared to those creeds which bind souls, and minds, and thoughts as mummies are wrapped, and kept in darkness, when He, who is the sunlight of the soul, made the light, commanded

that it be not put under a bushel, and who enjoined upon all of God's creatures to seek for truth continually.

Think for yourself. Do not insult Him who gave the power of thought, which is the Eternal Spirit, by hiding your talent, closing your blinds and believing that which you cannot believe. The future life is shadowed here. It is not true that words, and professions, and observances, and long faces, and lives devoted to slavish servitude, to bigotry and intolerance, will lead us to Heaven. The future life will be one of work. There are planets and worlds yet to visit, to labor in, to improve. There are duties for us of a nature that leads to the source of inspiration itself. We are not to live an eternity of idleness, singing and eating, and drinking of milk and honey, but we will be called on to help in beautifying the work of creation. Some of us will be master workmen in the Land of the Leal, others will be hewers of wood and drawers of

water. Some of us will be workers there—some will be messengers back and fro between the students here and the teachers There, that more, and more, and still more of the children of earth may be the better prepared to sooner enter upon the great work when our term of schooling here is ended.

You say this is new. That it was not so from the first. But it was! Light came. Minds came. Life was given. Step by step the Eternal Power marked His advance and taught the example of progression. The floods came—then the storm. The patriarchs went to their homes and to a renewal of work in the new fields to which they had been called. Then went others to join them. Thus grew the Helpers in the gardens of God, millions of them that there are. Then came the great medium between Heaven and Earth to tell us that there was work in the vineyard for all to do, and that he who went in at the eleventh hour, and who worked, should receive

a reward. The gliding of the star to rest over Bethlehem was a step of progression. The coming of the new Light, and a new teacher of old truths, according to orthodox ideas could not be now, because it never had been before !

He lived—He taught—He was crucified ; but the Sermon on the Mount remains !

So Galileo lived and died. So Newton told of something new. So Columbus went out from darkness and ignorance, because commanded to. So Franklin called fire from the clouds, and it came—not simply because he called it, but because it was there, and some spirit once of earth told him of it. So, too, did Morse make the essence of Eternal Power to talk. He harnessed the subtlest of all elements, and now thousands guide and control a power that, according to orthodoxy, must not be simply because it was not discovered at the first, or revealed to minds before they were able to look



for—to search for—to grasp this whisper of the Almighty.

They denounced Galileo, and threw their grains of black sand before his advancing truths, but in vain. They bade good-by to Columbus, but he returned. They anathematized Caxton for discovering the art of printing, yet used his art to disseminate their dying ideas. They accused Franklin of impiety, yet now honor his memory. They sneered at Fulton, yet lived to ride on his steamboat. They ridiculed Morse, yet lived to telegraph the words of God from shore to shore—from the old world to the new, even as students of truth converse from the shores of time to those of Eternity with those who have passed on. All these things come in their time, as there is a time for all things, and we must not forget it. As vial after vial has been opened—as seal after seal has been broken—as revelation after revelation has been made—as truth after truth has been established—as step

by step mankind has been led to the shadow of the Temple to be prepared to know God, men have doubted, have denounced ; but knowledge has advanced as light penetrates darkness. Those who opposed yesterday are converts to-day, or will be to-morrow. The morning sun does not illumine every ravine till after it has passed the meridian. God's truths and plans were not all made known before we were born—will not be while we live, nor for ages after we have joined the throng of perfect workmen in other spheres. The old must pass away. The new must come. Those who blindfold their eyes are cramped by priestcraft, and refuse to look around them, had better be tearing off their bandages, and arising to go forward, searching for themselves, or they will waken on the other shore as new-born infants, while those who strive, and labor, and seek to use the mind God has given them, will be far, far, far ahead of them on the upward road.

There is a new life for all who are weary. There are spots of sunshine for all who live if they will but seek them. If not in one place, let them go to another. The viper fell not from the hand of Paul till he shook it off. The load Christian had on his back dropped not off till he advanced beyond the Slough of Despond. The Ark did not rest till it floated on to its resting place. The victory does not come till the battle has been fought. Education only follows severe study. The teacher follows the pupil as day follows night. Each one must judge for himself or herself. 'Twas for this mind was given us. No matter what does another—what does the world—every one is the arbiter of his own destiny, the securer of his own reward—the keeper of his own soul while on earth. Indeed is there “a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may,” but the hewing must be done first, and then will come the rest, the new work, the great reward, after on earth our final Saturday Night.



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ORPHAN GIRL AND HER FRIENDS.

**T**WO weeks ago she was a little girl of nine years of age, playing about the yard with other children. She lived a hard life, on the streets, selling the afternoon papers. When it rained, and the streets were muddy, with a worn-out broom she swept the street crossings, ran before us, held up her little grimy hand, while her large eyes seemed to say in loving letters :

“ Please sir—only a penny ! ”

Her name was Kitty Burnham. Once her father was a tenant on the Wadsworth estate somewhere in the Western portion of the State

of New York. Two weeks ago a drunken driver, high mounted on his seat in a jobbing wagon, recklessly drove his horses furiously through a crowd, on the street near the City Hall. Out from one horse-car, hastening to another one in search of customers for her papers she darted like a busy bee, so intent on earning pennies that she did not see the horses or know of them till she had been knocked down by one of them—till the heavy wagon had run over her frail body, and broken five of her little ribs, and left her a wounded, fainting picture of agony on the hard stones of the street. The drunken driver stopped not to see who he had killed. The ones who saw the act thought more of the child than of the man; they all ran to take her up, and the driver escaped.

If he has a family and a little girl at home, perhaps he told her, when she was in his arms after supper, that he saw another little girl that day. Perhaps he said:

“ I had an adventure to-day. After I had got drunk, and lashed my horses till they ran, a busy little girl, struggling for life, was in the street, contending with men for a livelihood. Then I lashed my horses again, and ran over this little girl, and crushed her to the pavement; then drove first into one street, then into another, to reach home without arrest. Am I not a kind man, and a good father?”

Did you ever think that the father or the mother of one child should have a warmer place for all children than many of them have?

A great, big, burly policeman took little Kitty Burnham in his arms, all dirt and muddy, and carried her as tenderly as he could to a hospital near by. The tears ran down his furrowed cheeks as he walked on with the limp victim, while the crowd followed, some in tears and all in sadness, clear to the doors of the place for rest and refuge.

They laid little Kitty on a bed. The kind



"A BURLY POLICEMAN  
TOOK KITTY IN HIS ARMS." - P. 156.





matron of the place took off her torn dress, and her coarse, worn-out shoes. Of stockings she had none; of underclothes but a single little garment. The surgeon examined her cuts and bruises, and looked serious. Then he said he was afraid she had sustained serious internal injuries, and that she could not live long. But warm hearts reached out with willing hands to assist the little sufferer. For several days she lived, now better then not so well, as life and death contended for the mastery for her as they do for the rich and powerful.

When we next saw her, the stains of dirt had been washed from her hands and face and neck. She was pale and weak. Her black silken hair had been brushed out somewhat, and on the little pillow kept watch over her pale cheek, and listened at times to her moans, as she suffered in the edge of the unknown forest.

Yesterday she was dead. They had placed her in a plain little coffin, and she did not look

one bit like the dirty street sweeper, or the active news-girl, so intent on selling papers. A few days before she had looked like a little beggar. Now, she looked exactly as do the children of the rich, except, perhaps, there was an older look, as her mind had left its trace on the matter of the child material.

The policeman told us her history, for she had one, set in sorrow, lined with bitterness. Thus ran his words, in quiet voice, as he sat in the office :

“Her name, as you know, was Kitty Burnham. Her father used to live in the Sixth ward. He did all sorts of odd jobs of work, and drank a great deal. In fact he was often so drunk that the officers had to take care of him. He was a handsome fellow when sober, but ugly when he was not. He was a smart fellow, but always chafed under good restraint, and sneered at religion, and said man was accountable only to himself, and did not exist after death. He

kept running down—borrowing money—neglecting his family, running to places of dissipation, and finally became a regular loafer. Then he had the delirium tremens and died in Bellevue Hospital one Sunday morning.

“His wife was a nice-looking sort of a woman, but she never seemed to know what to do, or how to do anything. She was a woman who could be cared for, but who could never care for herself. I think she was not educated in the right way. After her husband died, she wrote to her parents somewhere in the country, but they paid no attention to her. It came out that they were very angry when she was married, and told her they disowned her. I cannot see how a father or a mother could thus drive their own flesh and blood away, and then when trouble came keep it away; but some folks do, and greater shame upon them.

“Last winter Kitty’s mother died in the hospital on the Island. She seemed to die out and

fade away, no one can tell just how. I heard the hospital physicians say she died of a broken heart, from the abuse of her husband and the cruelty of her parents. But she died.

“Kitty was taken care of for a time by a woman who keeps a rough sort of boarding-house on Oak street. Kitty’s mother owed her something, and she took her clothes and poor little Kitty in some way, to pay the debt. After awhile Kitty began to sell papers. She was smart, and chirrupy as a cricket. Rain or shine, she was always out. She used to run over to the station with the papers, and some of us always bought of her, because she seemed to need our help in some way. Once I wanted my wife to adopt her, and take care of her, but she said our two children were all we could care for. I wish I had taken her now, then she would be alive. But we can help some other child. I tell you the police, and the authorities of the city feel as if they ought to be fathers of thou-

sands of the poor little children, who have none else to care for them. But I must go now. As Kitty had no relatives—no one to love her, perhaps it is best that she was run over and killed at once as to be run over and trampled upon all her life.”

So lived and so died a poor little orphan girl in this city. She was murdered by somebody. Was it by the drunken driver or by the drunken father who wasted his life and left his little one to become a waif on the streets ; or was she murdered by the listless mother who perhaps had more of a load than she could carry, and so gave up her life to despair ? Or did the relatives in their country home who surely could have given an innocent child bread and milk and some of the wealth of fresh air all about them to humanity if not to consanguinity. Somebody murdered little Kitty Burnham who was trying to take care of herself. We cannot censure the father, for God alone has the right

to censure and to judge men. But this we can do. The world is full of children, as all who live were once. We can pray the Father in Heaven, and the good angels who in pity try to make us all better, to stand between men and temptation, to help our brothers who are weak and who do not realize the duty of life or the glory there is in being true, earnest men, for as we do by others and by the little children so will Our Father do by us in the gardens of the eternal and the life beyond our final Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### BABY AND HER KISSES.

**S**EVERAL miles out from the city, just in the edge of a village, stands a white house with green blinds. A pretty cottage home. Many a time have we opened the gate, passed into the yard where the young wife had trained roses to climb and pinks to spread as they gave beauty and fragrance to a place which had become a workingman's paradise. Of a Saturday night there was indeed no place like home. No more happy place than this home, at least. It was like basking in the mellow sunshine of God's smile to visit here and behold what love, affection, industry and confi-

dence could do toward making life beautiful beyond words.

The owner of this cottage home was not a rich man, but no man had greater wealth. He was an honest man. His eyes were like the cushions on which angels bear infants to heaven, so soft, gentle and full of tenderness were they. His heart ever seemed more like some beautiful thought budding into flower than the arena wherein struggle human passions, so well had he controlled himself as did our Brother the waves when they obeyed His command to be still. He lived to concentrate his life—to make home the dearest and the sweetest place on earth, and the rectitude of his life spread sunshine all over and about the dear ones who awaited his coming. What God the great Chemist had joined together, no silent yet powerful influence had put asunder, for our friend and the pure woman from whom he drew so much inspiration lived in the doorway of that beauti-



ful belief that Home is Heaven when Home holds none but loving hearts.

Day after day our friend labored at his trade. Like the father of Jesus, he was a carpenter. He built houses for others and used the reward of his skill and labor to beautify his home. Thus he put his money to greater interest than any miser ever yet received, or Shylœk could demand. He studied and worked. He built himself into a magnificent manhood. He trained his intelligence, which is immortal, toward Heaven, and fritted not himself away in fretfulness, dissipation or fault-finding with his station or condition in life. He turned his strength to profit—his life to success—his vines to beautify his life and home. He planted contentment, and bounteous was the harvest of happiness he reaped, for he was dearly beloved by a loving wife and three beautiful children. His wife was loving because she could not help being so. Mated, as well as married, their lives

went sweetly on like wedded rivulets singing their way to the sea.

Their children were beautiful. They were conceived in love and born in the garden of complete confidence. While the weaver was at work in his mysterious chamber, there were no storms, no fits of ugly passion, no lowering skies, no crossing of purposes and filling of hearts with agony to the tangling and twisting and warping of life threads in the unborn, so the little ones who came into the world were beautiful and dearly loved blessings. Would that we knew words in which to convey ideas. Oh! that we could sit with all who are waiting to be parents and tell them how love beautifies, and unkindness to her who is to be a mother mars, scars and distorts the innocent till they come into the world laden with the seeds of misery for their after-lives on earth. When men know what men should know, and women live as women should live, every child born to

earth will be born to happiness. But not of this now.

Our friend was an honest man. He dared be true to himself. He dared to be true to his manhood. He dared to be true to the woman he loved. Few are the men so brave as he. His home held him by night as did his duty by day. He lived, not to add to that insane throng which mistakes excitement for happiness, but to aid his wife and his children to develop and grow in that strength of heart and soul which gives us positions in the ranks of those who are God's companions in the Gardens of the Golden Eternal.

When the labors of the day were over, he hastened to his cottage home. He was welcomed on the way by those whose little feet ran to meet, whose little lips did sweetly greet him. He was not too proud to play with his little ones. He was not too dignified to love his wife. He was not so great as to make his home ones

unhappy in the shadow of his selfish ambition. He was a workingman, untitled on earth, but wearing on his heart the garter of the knight-hood of God. He loved his children and they loved him, because he was good and his presence was the balmy air wafting them on to lasting and everlasting happiness.

. . . . .

The heart-broken wife was kneeling by the bedside as we entered the room. The two eldest children were sobbing as if their hearts were broken. The father and husband had crossed the river and moved out from the mortal temple in which he had dwelt for years. He had crossed the river by whose earth bank his loved ones were kneeling in tears as the waves of bitterness dashed in great breakers over their hearts. He had gone with his patterns to build for those he loved a home in that Land of the Leal where there is no sorrow—where *hearts* are at rest and where the stings of earthly circum-

stances do not reach to wound the studious soul.

It was a death-bed scene. The hour of trial for the living—of grief for those left in the desert while the faithful guide is journeying to the oasis and finding the camping-ground and shady groves wherein will come those whose grief-wrapt hearts are now lifeless in their sorrow.

A lady friend of the afflicted ones entered the room, bearing in her arms the two year-old child of him who slept never before so quietly. She bore the babe to the bedside. The little darling looked at those who were bowed in grief. Then it looked at him who slept, and from her little lips came in inquiring tones :

“Pa-pa !”

His face was as one asleep. So quiet and full of rest. The good friend held the child down so it could kiss the cheek of him but for whom she had not been. At once she sprang from the arms of the good friend, nestled close to the face of

the dead, and with her little hands on his face, repeated in her baby voice :

“Pa-pa ! Baby wake pa-pa !”

Then she bent over, printed a sweet little kiss on one of the eyes of him who slept, quickly raised her head and laughed in glee. But papa did not waken. At once she bent over, kissed the other closed eye, threw back her head and said :

“Papa, wake for baby !”

This had been her early morning play. Oft and oft had she climbed up to his face and kissed his eyes till they opened to smile on baby, as he held her to his heart and wakened for the morning romp which flavored with love the labor of the day. The little orphan knew not that his sleep was eternal. But she saw that papa would not waken to her kisses, as the sobs came from breaking hearts, and tears ran like rain down cheeks unused thereto. Her little lips were put up in grief, the tears of disappointment came to her eyes as she cuddled down by the face of him

whose life-love had been to her food for the heart and sunshine for her infant soul. Her sobs and tears came free and fast. Her faith was broken. There was a mystery she could not fathom—something her young intelligence could not comprehend.

Yet, who dare say that the angels who went with her father to prepare a home for his loved ones in the golden gardens had not returned, and whispered to her soul a knowledge hitherto unknown?

Papa was dead. His spirit had gone on to its real work. Well might that little innocent know that papa was dead when her sweet, warm kisses could not open his eyes to see her eager smiles, as she waited at the threshold of slumber for his return.

. . . . .

The world is all too full of dead fathers and of dead mothers. Of those who have closed their eyes to love, innocence and that affection which

marks the God-like of human nature. If men knew the happiness there is in heart-warmed homes, they never would close their eyes to true love nor depart on selfish missions, as do those who die moral deaths.

The heart of the child was broken when she realized that no longer could her little kiss open the eyes of the papa she loved. The world is full of men and of women, children of larger growth, whose hearts are breaking because of their inability to open with tokens from the heart the eyes of those they have idolized. To such mourners time brings scars oftener than men know of. God pity all such! Their grief is greater, and with reason, than is those who live for each other—who walk hand in hand, as heart in heart, through life to accomplish good and who are left only for a time, certain of soon meeting in the Land of the Leal, where those who were the best, the truest, the noblest and most devoted to home and to humanity in this life, will wear




crowns and be blessed with the angels in that beautiful home wherein all the good actions and kind thoughts here are preserved to our credit, to the glory and reward there is for all who are deserving, in that beautiful life beyond our final Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### HELPING THE INDUSTRIOUS.

OW little do we who sit in cosy little parlors, by warm fires, surrounded by loved ones and home comforts think of the ones who suffer from cold, hunger and sickness. Why cannot all of us, who are children of life, have pleasant homes? The reason must be that all do not work so much to make themselves and others happy as to mount the waves of excitement in a struggle for that wealth and power which will benefit us not a bit when the race is ended, and we come to the shores of the lasting existence.

Standing by the window to-night, looking out

upon the street, we watched those who passed. Some were clad in furs. Some in stout, warm clothing. Some hurried, shivering by, hastening on to a shelter from the storm. Some there were in rags and poverty, rushing ahead, going somewhere. One stout man walked on toward the west. Our eyes followed him till he could no longer be seen. As he turned a corner, our thoughts rode on the storm winds, on to the westward—over the fields and orchards of the Empire State—past the farm-houses wherein were gathered so many happy families, talking, reading, singing and pleasantly passing the time. On and still on—over the great lakes—over the wide prairies to the cabin homes of the bravest and best of men and women—the pioneers.

How the snow flew as the wind whistled so piercingly about the little huts and the cabins, and the rude homes of the men who go forth as does the word of God, that life, and love, and blessings, and rest may follow in their path.

Here, about these new homes, we saw men and women and children suffering from cold and exposure. The mud walls of their cabins kept out the cold, but about the rustic windows the wind whistled in as if in mockery; through the blanket doors the snow sifted and was driven by the blast, while the weary watchers and freezing children wondered and wondered if the storm would never cease. Then we rode on the storm from home to home on the prairies. Little homes miles apart, to find people starving, freezing, dying with cold and from exposure. We saw them in heaps and drifts of snow as their released spirits left their frozen bodies, their old homes, and were borne on the wings of the hurricane over the snow-fields and on to the mellow garden in the golden land.

God pity, and God will pity those who bravely battle with life, no matter whether they are the pioneers who go forth to turn the sod and sow the wheat, or the ones who push on in obedience

to the wish of the Great Master to break up the hard ground of falsehood and ignorance, and prepare the soil for the great crop which will so surely follow as men go forth to work. Only this, who thinks of the pioneers? Who but God cares for them, when rich men and law-makers turn against them, and wrap in furs, even by well-tempered fires, that the faintest breath of the cold, the pure, the life-giving air may not reach them? Why is it that so many who have been pioneers themselves—who have been to the front, fall back like those a-faint, and lose the sympathy all should have with those who labor? Of a truth, those who fall by the wayside do not bring forth the good fruit expected and hoped from them.

Why is it that we have so little sympathy with the poor who are always with us? To-day, in the city of Brooklyn—in the City of Churches, there was a peculiar case in court. Will those who have good homes give thoughts to the poor

in our cities who at times suffer as do the pioneers, and who in living, die a thousand deaths? A poor old woman was arrested by a police officer and brought into court charged with stealing. The crowd of spectators looked at her, and said :

“If a woman of that age does not know better than to steal, send her to prison. That is what prisons are made for—to confine thieves and robbers.”

A well-to-do, middle aged woman was the complainant. She advanced to the stand set apart for witnesses, and told, under oath, how the poor old woman, whose face was so wet with tears, had stolen from her six pairs of pantaloons for men’s wear, and asked that the prisoner be sent to prison for one year at least.

By order of the Court, the feeble old woman, under oath, testified as follows :

“Please, sir, I am but a poor old woman, but I can tell the truth. I did not steal the pants, at

least I did not mean to. The woman there, who swears I did, has a contract to make pantaloons. Last Monday morning she gave me six pairs to make, and was to pay me seventeen cents a pair for making them when I brought them back. I made them, your Honor, as well as I could, and worked till one o'clock every morning on them to get them done last night—the six pairs in five days. I took them to her last night, to get the money, for I had eaten nothing since Thursday morning, as I could have had no coal for my little furnace, nor any kerosene to sew by. I took them to her. She examined them and said they were not half made, and she would pay me nothing at all. She has served me so twice before.

“And Judge, they were made good—just as good as I could make them—just as she told me to, and just as I had made others that she paid for. I begged of her to pay me even half the sum, but she wouldn't. She said I could leave

them, or take them home, rip them all to pieces, and make them all over again. I said I would do it, and took them home. The snow was so deep, it was so cold, and I was so sick, that I took them into a place and pawned them all for a dollar, which was three cents less than she owed me, for I had made them, and thought she could get them, and I could get my pay, so I wouldn't freeze and die, and have to be buried by the law in the Potter's Field. Please, sir, I didn't mean to steal them."

The great agony of poverty had spoken the truth. The scalding tears ran down the cheeks of *somebody's mother*, as there she stood, faint and with a load of grief greater than she could bear.

The spectators looked at the Judge. The Judge looked at the spectators—at the accuser and the accused. The accuser cried:

"Did you hear her, Judge? She says she stole them. Send an officer for them, and send



her to prison, for she is old enough to know better!"

"Silence!" cried the Judge.

"Shame—shame!" said the spectators.

The Judge said:

"Prisoner, you are at liberty. The woman owed you for the work performed—let her pay the price she agreed to pay to redeem the goods, for you have not wronged her as she has wronged you."

Out of evil came good, especially to the poor sufferer, for many a hand as she went out from that court-room dropped into her palm the "widow's mite," as many a workingman, out of work, and in the court-room from curiosity, hunted in his shallow pockets for stray pennies to give her.

Some day there will be a change. The woman who now suffers, purified and educated to the heartlessness of the world, will pass on. But why is it that some people have hard

hearts, and none but selfish desires? Who can tell?

Will our young readers try to cultivate charity, and liberality, and then try and take such care of themselves and their home ones that when they grow up they can see those they love provided for, even as we who strive to do good and add to the happiness of others will be loved and cared for after finished shall be the work which will end when comes the welcome Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE CHILDREN AND THEIR TREES.



SEVERAL years ago, in a little log house on a farm near the most thriving of the cities in the northern tier of counties of the State of New York, lived a very poor family—a father, mother, and three boys and two girls. Before we ever thought of writing for the children anywhere—for the boys and girls in the homes all over the country—we used to play with the children in and all about the little log house. It was a quiet little home in the country. There was no need of keeping all the doors locked by day and bolted by night, as people must do in large cities

to keep the thieves out ; but a home of honest people, surrounded by honest neighbors—by men and women who were growing up to manhood, to usefulness and happiness.

One April day, after we had all romped about the house, and the little shed where the oxen and farming utensils were kept ; then out along the little brook, which came leaping down from the hills, one of the boys proposed something new. Said he :

“ Let us all, each one of us, select a little tree, transplant it in the field back of the house, and see how well it can be made to grow, and what it will come to by and by.”

“ Agreed,” said all the children. In a few hours there had been as many little trees selected from the woods on the hill-side, and transplanted in the field, as there were children present when the idea was advanced. There were six trees taken up and transplanted. Two were oak, two were maple, and two were hickory. We remem-

ber the work of getting them, and the fun all of us had in transplanting them ; and with what care they were replaced in the earth. For several years they were all watched, more or less. One of the trees grew up a snarly, ugly-shaped, rough-barked oak. It looked stunted and sick. Then the one who transplanted it said :

“O pshaw ! Let it go. I am tired of playing tree ! The woods are filled with trees.”

So that tree was left to itself, and when last we saw it, a year ago, it was the same stunted, one-sided, irregular, homely oak that it promised to be years ago.

Another tree had life and growth for just one year, then it died. It had no care, and gave forth no beauty. Another of the trees has grown to a one-sided affair, not pretty, but fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire.

A letter before us, written by one of the party of tree planters, says :

“Do not fail to come and see us this spring. Your tree is still alive. It has grown up straight and tall, and the grape-vines you planted at its roots years ago have grown up with it. I don’t know whether the vines have pushed the tree higher than the others, or the tree pulled the vines along, but they have grown so nicely together that people stop to note the thrift and beauty of the tree which in summer-time looks, with its many vines all about it, like some bower. It is a rare home for the birds in the summer, as are the two maples near by, all so straight and symmetrical. Come, and even the trees will give you welcome!”

How well we remember the old scenes and childish days. What strife as to which of us all should grow the finest tree. The two which grew bad were never cared for—no more than some parents care for their children. They seem to think all there is of life is the transplanting. But the trees that grew so well—

how they were cared for and petted! The ground about them was kept soft, moist and enriched. When came the drouth in the summer, those trees were watered, and had something besides the hard soil to draw strength from. In the winter how the snow was heaped up about the trees to keep the frost away! When little shoots and knot limbs would start out, with what care were they smoothly cut away before they had time to draw the sap and the life, and the pride away from the growing tree! When one child was sick or away, the others watched and cared for the trees of the "partners." The children who were too selfish or too busy to care for the trees of others, soon had no one to care for theirs.

Thus years passed on. The two maples grew so rapidly and to such charming shape, they were called the twin beauties, and after a while gave of sap enough to make choice morsels of sugar. We do believe all the neighbors

coveted them, they were so beautiful, and added so much to the beauty of the dear old homestead. The hickory grew up tall, shapely, splendid ; its bushy top round and like a great parasol. Many a winter have children around the hearth-stone told stories as they cracked and ate the nuts which fell from its thrifty limbs. The twelve grape-vine shoots set out in a circle about that one grew up with it, forming a bower, under cover of which scores of little children have passed many summer hours in their play. The old log farm-house has gone, torn down years ago, but the beautiful trees are still there, adding to the value and attractiveness of the well-known farm. They have already become landmarks, and who can tell how long they will be remembered, and with them all history of the ones who, from the woods and the hill-side, brought to the plain and the new life the saplings which, well-cared for, have so grown to beauty and adornment ?



Will not the children, or some of them, who read this, transplant a tree this spring, and see what they can make of it? If each little boy and girl who reads this would transplant and care for a tree, how well satisfied they would be in twenty years. There is something else about it. The tree might grow without re-planting, but if taken and cared for, the child will be benefited as well. He will have something to think of—to watch—to care for—to help—to enjoy. Something to grow up with. We all want something to lean upon. It is hard for a person to grow up alone, and whatever will be a good companion for thoughts will do good to humanity.

Children are like trees. Parents can let them run wild, grow up angular, dwarfed, deformed, gnarley and full of brambles, or they can by that care which follows love, educate their children to be beautiful in their youth, glorious in their old age. Love is not lost, no matter

whether it be given to a dog, a horse, a bird, a bush, a tree, or a child. It is that which makes men and women and children better. It cares for the flowers which so add to the beauty of home—for the tree which is taught and helped to an upright growth. It softens the little rocks, and the sharp corners, and the burdens of the household, and brings all of God's creatures nearer and still nearer to happiness and to Heaven.

In the homes of the land are many children ; in the little cabins, the log houses—the low-built houses of the pioneers, God bless them ! are thousand of young oaks and hickories, and sweet maples of humanity, needing but care, and love, and attention to make them glorious and beautiful. Who does not love to work for children ? to see them grow in knowledge and all the better qualities ? And who, of all our friends—of all our kind readers—will do the most to love, and bring up aright without spot or blemish, the

ones who will, if kindly cared for, make known where stood the dear old homes, after we, who now are growing old so rapidly, shall have been removed to make room for the new workers? He who rides by the spot where stood the little log house can now say that good ideas were taught there, and that the work—the landmarks left, are indeed beautiful, as all of us would have the memory of us which will be left after we shall have become workers in the Land of the Leal.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DRUNKEN MOTHER MURDERER.



AS we sat by the cheerful fire to-night, listening to music from a piano in an adjoining room, we looked in the grate at coals red burning, to see faces and forms and figures of men, and women, and children, seeming to throw life into their movements. Did you ever watch the coals a-burning by your own fireside, in your own home, seated in an easy chair by your own hearth and fender, to rest? Indeed, there is no place like home—that is, if it is home, and a place where loving hearts are made to grow strong and fearless, and where the air seems laden with those beautiful, gentle

influences born of good resolves, correct living, and disposition to make home happy and ever agreeable. When the fire is once kindled, how easy to keep it burning all the while—to throw on more wood or coal; to give food of fire to the hungry flame until it sings like the sunshine, that calls from twig and plant the buds and the flowers, that are to nature what the flowers of kindness are to mortal life and the endless life in the golden gardens.

While listening to the pleasing music, and thinking of the long ago when bare walls and a place to stay, instead of a home, made life less a desirable result, we picked up a daily newspaper record of one short day. What a picture! Unlike the ones we saw and watched in the burning coals, here were pictures of sadness, of crime, of ignorance, of sorrow. It seemed as if the paper was but a charnel house. Turn to this column or that, the record was the same. To read it, one would think this world to be that

other world, where is said to be such a gathering of the bad that in the place of music is to be heard the continuous sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth. Instead of a string of pearls or beautiful beads, there were paragraphs after paragraphs of dark doings—of crime and wickedness. Murders, robberies, swindlers, defalcations, rioting, assaults, brutal outrages and disasters, resulting from not understanding the laws of man, of life, of nature. The paper seemed to be a record of selfishness—of mean, ugly, depressing news of the bad. Instead of lifting the soul higher, it came with a dark fall, a shadow of darkness, a protest against life and that humanity ever at war upon the children of a common fatherhood.

One item read as follows:

“Yesterday, in Brooklyn, while Mary Fogarty was passing along the street, she was run over by a wagon, and her child, a girl-infant of a few months old, was thrown under the wheels of a

horse-car, and terribly mangled. It was taken to the hospital, where its leg was amputated. The mother was so drunk she could scarcely walk, and for some time was unable to tell her name or where she lived. The child cannot live."

God pity the innocent, helpless little girl who was murdered by her mother! Was it not terrible? What had that poor little babe done that it should be thus tortured to death? Who was to blame for all this misery? By what right came so weak, degraded a woman with a little child born unto her for so cruel a death? Where was her home? Who was the husband of the woman? the father of the murdered child? Who sold to that woman, with a babe, the drink that made her a taker of life—the destroyer of her infant?

All these questions must pass unanswered. Into the sea of sorrow this one drop is swept by time, to blacken the character of man, and to

argue in favor of those efforts by which men and women can, if they will, be lifted out of and can work away from those influences which debase men, embitter lives, and unfit for the rest which is beyond the Saturday Night of this life—among the pure in spirit and the ones who believe in the beautiful God-whispered teachings of the Infinite.

How earnestly we wish all this sin, and crime, and sorrow could be otherwise alleviated, abandoned. If men only would, how happy this life could be made. We have no censure for the woman, who must have been heart-broken when she realized what she had done. Perhaps the first fault was not hers. A husband may have set a bad example—may have driven her to desperation. The one who sold the poison did it under the sanction of law, and the approval of society. So he cannot be to blame. Perhaps the woman had no home—no joys—no happiness. All that is not for us to know. It may

.



be that she was not educated aright. Somebody was in fault.

We cannot any of us bring the little mangled infant back to life and perfection of limbs and flesh. We would not if we could, for there are homes in Heaven and gentle whispers and soft arms, and the influence of Jesus, and that watchful love and care all children should have on earth, for all who are torn or mangled and here abused, in that beautiful Land of the Leal, with Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." How much that sentence tells of humanity, or its selfishness ! He knew that men were bad—that women were weak—that hearts were selfish—that life on earth is too oft but a desert waste ; that children would be born, would be unprovided with homes, neglected by parents, abused and hardened by the world. Then He stooped in compassion, and took the little ones—all who were helpless, into his embrace, and gave utterance to that sentence

which in its brief self is a million-fold greater than the world!

Why will not all who live try to be good, and kind, and loving, and earnest in that which sends mankind heavenward? They tell us that the poor live and die in vain. That the infants of the poor are worth nothing to the world. This is not true. The Saviour was but a poor child, born in a manger, but the truths he told were of God, who is all. It matters not that the father of the poor little child might have been a careful, watchful husband—or that the mother might have been at her home sober. The child was born. It lived—was torn to pieces. Its short life served a purpose. We know of a little girl who never will have a drunken father, or a drunken mother. We know of a little child who will not be murdered in such a way. This little girl will have a home. It will be loved and cared for like some beautiful flower being taken to a wedding. We never shall quarrel with those who

will not, or who cannot think as we do, no matter if they live weak, foolish lives, and spend all they earn in dissipation rather than in procuring and beautifying a home, a rest, and a shelter. Ours is a duty, and it shall be done, for thereby comes strength, health, and great happiness. If others do not see their duty, they will not realize happiness, nor will they be able to say, when comes the end of time, that they have been careful of the spirit jewels confided to their keeping.

Proud is the harvestman who, at the close of day, journeys homeward bearing his sheaves with him. So, too, will that man and that woman be proud who can go into the new life, looking the welcoming angel squarely in the eyes, and say:

“My work is done as well as I could do it. The talents given to me I have made good use of. The children given to me, as I was given to others, as they were given to God, have been

cared for, and loved and taught to live for others, and thus the more for themselves. I have been faithful to truth—to my better self—to *humanity*; have worked in the vineyard of life to a good purpose, and now would rest from the old, and enter upon the duties and rewards which are of the treasures where the heart is, beyond the dark and the stormy Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XX.

### HOW A NEWSBOY KEPT THE WOLF AWAY.

**T**O-NIGHT there is a world of poverty and suffering in this city. There are many thousands of men, women and children in want and misery, notwithstanding the fact that thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been given by those who could afford to be liberal, for the use and benefit of the poor. It is not for us to say who should give, or how much should be given. It is best to do as we would be done by, and to remember that the reward comes not so much to the one who makes and hides away till death calls him to another life, but to him who uses his talents and distri-

butes his surplus in charity where it will do the most good.

A little more than a year ago, there died on Ninth street in this city a man who for years had made a living by keeping a saloon, or fashionable drinking place on Broadway. He was a good fellow, as the speech of thoughtless men have it. What he made he spent freely. His wife was a gay, thoughtless woman, who had nothing to do except to live at her ease, spend money foolishly, and be waited on. It was easy come and easy go with them, till one day he died. Then the dream was broken. His place of business was closed. His friends disappeared as by magic. The crowds which assembled at his saloon met somewhere else.

His widow had but one child. A boy eleven years of age at the time of his father's death. An infant was not more helpless than she. One by one various articles of jewelry disappeared as they were placed in pawn. She dressed well and





"DODGED HERE AND THERE.  
SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE." P 203.



looked very becoming in her mourning goods, with jewelry to match, but no one proposed for her hand and heart. With her son, a sharp, shrewd little fellow, she moved from boarding-house to poorer boarding-house, till at last she took two rooms on Baxter street, where she now lives.

Last October her son began business on his own hook, as men say. He started in as a newsboy on the Bowery. Many a man who formerly bought hot drinks of the father buys papers of the son, as he tells some companion who the little merchant is. How many histories there are just back of hundreds and thousands of the poor children of all cities!

To-night, at the corner of Canal street and the Bowery, we saw the lad with his bundle of papers. He was a business boy. Instead of standing idly on the corner waiting for customers, he dodged here and there, shouting at the top of his voice, just as anxious, earnest and determined

as are the brokers down in Wall street or the men who shout for their candidates in caucus-rooms.

“Hello, Bobby! Is that you?”

“Yes, sir, it’s me!”

“How are you getting along this cold winter?”

“All right, sir.”

“Do not the hard times affect you?”

“Not much, sir. I ’spect they would if I’d let them, sir; but I won’t let them.”

“How so—how can you help yourself? The big merchants on Broadway say the times are very bad, and that they suffer this winter very much.”

“I don’t know about their business. All I do is to take care of my own. What folks lack in pennies I make up in hollering! That’s the way I does. Sc I sells more papers now than I used to. At first I stood on the corners and said nothing. Then I turned over a new leaf. I began

to move around. I kept busy, and always did my best."

"What is the result?"

"Oh! its all right. The pennies are there. If not in one man's pocket they are in another's! I goes for 'em all. I work a little harder; but that is what I'm here for. If I can't sell papers to one man, I can to another; so all I have to do is to find that other man! Besides, I am studying economy now. I don't go to the theatres nor spend so much time loafing as I did last fall. I make almost ten dollars a week selling papers, and two dollars a Sunday blacking boots. That pays our rent, and mother is not so extravagant as she was. Oh! we get along real well. If we had the money father used to spend foolishly we'd have more than we have now, but we should not be so happy. Besides, it's good for me to have something to do. It helps me to know how. Some of these days I will be a man, and then I will have learned many lessons, and

the best of all will be that I have learned to take care of myself and to have no more wants than are necessary. You'll never catch me doing as father did. He was a good man, but somehow or other he was always better to some one else than to himself. Of course I don't want to say anything against my father, for that would not be right, but when I am as old as he was, I'll have a home. Then I'll care nothing for hard times more than I do now. It's only the poor and the rich and the old folks and the little orphans who need help. We boys can take care of ourselves."

Away went the little fellow, selling papers as he ran, after his sermon on the times, which we shall not soon forget.





## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE MANSION AND THE MAN.



OW busy the builders are this spring !  
To-day we walked about the city—  
away from the crowded, dirty streets,  
where men work only for gain, and where souls  
are encrusted with a varnish of greed day after  
day, till the mind is warped, and stunted, and  
weakened in all except its grasp for dollars.  
On this street and that we walked, for a long  
way about the great Park where the green grass,  
the growing foliage, the millions of flowers, the  
singing of birds, and the laugh of thousands of  
children at play, glorify nature, and make man  
better, as he breathes pure air and good thoughts

into his lungs and heart. We watched the builders, and chatted with the workmen. We helped them pound the stone, loosen the rocks, remove the earth, mix the mortar, lay the brick, and build the walls, as here and there we went, to see, to learn, to rest from toil at the desk.

It is good this being a workman. This removing of old to build up the new. This leaving monuments of stone, brick, iron, and marble, that all who ever after pass that way may know that earnest man, with the active mind, and a willing arm, and a brave heart, and a will to work, has given proof that man can do all that man has ever done, and much more in addition.

Then we saw men tearing down little, narrow, old and dirty houses. How the wind blew the dust away! How the dirt flew with the breeze, and the smudge of the wreck soiled garments for a time! Thus it is with those who tear down old rookeries of habitations, or of ideas. They raise a dust, and are begrimmed thereby. They

are torn on sharp points, and scratched by nails, once good enough, but of no more use. But glory to the ones who tear down the narrow to build up the wide ; who demolish narrow walls to sink deep the broad foundations on which men can build for generations to come. These are the men. These are the lieutenants of God—the men who on earth build towers by which they rise to work with the angels. Surely the palaces are better and grander than the hovels. Then let the old walls come down and the new foundations be laid. Let the huts give way for the stately homes, which are but the stepping-stones between the caves of the past and the Heavenly Temples of the future in the Land of the Leal.

A few weeks since there came a young man to a vacant lot near our home. We saw him one morning with a tape-line in his hand. He started from a stake driven in the earth and walked some distance away. He drew that line as taut and straight as line could be drawn. Right

over a vacant lot—over a low place in the earth where dirty water had settled, rubbish had been thrown and all manner of uncleanness had accumulated, and from whence in the summer time went out malaria and poison. In a little while there came another man—then another; then other men. All of them workers. They began with picks and spades. They loaded carts with all manner of old rubbish, and it was carted to the dumping ground. They followed the line to the east—then to the north, then to the west, and then to the south, as a brave warrior for the right follows the line of duty. The workmen came to the solid rock. It was in their way. Then with bars of steel, and sledges of iron in the strong arms of industrious men, they beat the anvil chorus and drove progression with the drill where daylight had never before penetrated. Mind directed matter. Bold and well-directed strokes told against the rocks which had for ages but waited for all this hardihood and daring of



those who proposed to build up something on a firm basis.

The man with gunpowder came one day. He emptied granulated ingenuity into the holes made by the drill. He filled it with hard, gritty sand, well packed alongside the line of fuse. Explosions followed. The rock was broken. A man came one day to find fault. He said the noise disturbed him. That what God had made a rock must not be broken to be made into a wall. He asked what all this meant. The man with the line and the plans in his head and hands made answer that a mansion was to be erected there, and that before it could be done the old rubbish must be taken away before the new can be built. The work went on. How oft from the window of our library have we watched the laborers. Starting from the foundation, they builded squarely, broadly, and well. From the bed-rock they built. Stone upon stone—brick upon brick—story after story was gained. Higher

and higher grew the walls, and, as they grew, up and still up rose the workmen, as, in the Eternal, will rise above the lazy, the idle, the grovelling, all who dare be men—builders ; living fingers to the hands of God.

This morning we looked, and the walls were all up. A row of fifteen elegant houses—mansions of themselves, now mark the spot where but a few weeks since was a Golgotha for rubbish, a place filled with unclean things. The old has passed away. The new has arisen. The waste places have been made glad by the workmen. The raw material has been utilized. The ground so long despised has been cleaned away and made valuable. Where was but dirt and filth will soon be beautiful homes, standing on sure foundations. The workmen will here have homes. Side by side they will live in peace, take their rest, enjoy their comforts, and gather strength to build still more. Here is a house with many mansions, with no

occasion for the occupant of either to quarrel one with the other, for where there are untold millions of workers there is exclusive honor for none, but abundant reward for all. These houses will soon be finished. Their floors will be laid with carpets. Their walls will be hung with pictures. Happy parents and children will gather by the fireside, or sit on the porch when comes the twilight to talk of home joys and the work of the morrow.

Turn we now from the window and the mansion to the man. Not to the man who is, but to the man who will be, to the boy who will read this, and whom we would see great and happy. We know a boy who lives in a small house ; who sleeps in a small room ; who has a plain home far away from where this home chapter is written. This boy's father is a friend of ours. Through evil as well as good report he has been a good friend. In dark hours he has stood by us to sustain and encourage,

giving of his good thoughts and kind words that sunshine which makes twigs grow to be oaks all in good time. We cannot well help the father, for he does not need help. But as he has been a friend to us, so would we be a friend to his dear son. So we will draw our chair and our desk near the fire and the fender, and this to the boy who has come to sit in that easy-chair so close by, in love, and desire to do good, we say :

Take a lesson from the builders. Sit with us at ease, and let us look into the fire to see the coals burning. Let us throw off all the coatings of bigotry, and prejudice, and selfishness, in order to be men. Years ago there came a summons to our home, and to her work in the Golden Gardens went the spirit of a dear mother. That was more than half a lifetime since. They told us she was in the church-yard, but we could not find her. They told us that she had gone forever, but we could not believe

it. As the years rolled by to join the past how we longed for a mother's love, and her care, and good advice, and maternal interest. How much would we have given for a friendly counsellor who could give advice and point the way to a higher and still higher success. When came trials, and griefs, and storms, we called to her, and called, and lifted up the heart with its struggles, till at last she came and pointed the way. So, too, would we, without selfishness, point the better way to all poor boys who would be good men—to all men who would be happier and better. It is glorious to build whether of mansions or of man. The workmen who erected the houses, first lined out, and then prepared the grounds. They dug and cut to the line of the right. They removed all there was of the bad to make room for the good. So, too, would we build for manhood.

Could we but live our life over again, starting from boyhood, how many an error—how many

mistakes would we try to avoid. Men and boys make mistakes. We wonder they do not commit more. Many a spot in the road of life would be avoided. We should try to be more brave—more earnest in defence of the right, and to protect the weak. There is not a boy but who can do better than we have done. There is not a man but who can, by beginning at once, build himself up to a glorious position.

First, clear out from the heart all the dirty rubbish. Leave off the slang, the vulgarity, the words which blacken and soil the mind till it throws out malaria, and fever, and poison, as do pools of stagnant water. Keep the heart pure and the brain active. Study for the best and when you have found it, work and study for something still better. Never be satisfied with one good act—nor a hundred—nor a thousand. But add them together one after the other till at last you will have a string of pearls to lift you higher instead of pebbles to sink you lower.

Hearts, like houses, can be built out. Minds, like homes, can be beautified. It is as easy to plant a noble ambition as to plant sordid desires and all those trees which bear but bitter fruit. Remember that it is little by little, inch by inch, but steadily upward. This is the way the work of the man becomes the mansion. This is the way the poor boy becomes the great man. This is the way the apprentice becomes the master—the pupil becomes the teacher, and the intelligence of mortals the power and unknown greatness of those who are immortal. Build your walls of good material and they will last. Keep out the rotten sticks and that rubbish which has been thrown away by those who have passed along before you. Be kind to the poor, for every good act is a plant that will bear blossoms to our credit in the beautiful beyond.

By the hearth and fenders of many homes in the country to-night are resting boys, who in a few years will be the smartest men in the

land. They will be the workers—the builders, the ones who will be great and powerful in proportion as they take care of themselves. Then let all the boys who read this clear away the rubbish and begin building for the glorious manhood of the future. That better future when it will not be a sin for man to have ideas or to express them. That future which will be better when men make it so. That future which is better opened to the poor than to the rich, as work is better than play when men are to be made.

If all the boys in the country would build themselves into men in the most glorious acception of the term, what a country ours would be! Then there would be no more prisons, or need for them. No poor-houses, for bad habits would not make men paupers. No poverty, for all would be thrifty. No armies of orphans; no multitudes of drunkards who make wives miserable, children wretched, and



mankind a disgrace to humanity. We want every boy in the land to become a rich, a good, a useful man, and will do our best to help them along on the road that leads to peace, to prosperity, and to the mansion there will be for every brave, truthful, deserving, honest man in that more beautiful land, where are the Gardens of the Leal in the new life and the better home for all of us who would be remembered for the good we have done before there comes to us on earth the final Saturday Night.





## CHAPTER XXII.

### PAPA HAS GONE HOME.



FRIEND has gone to his reward—a loving parent has gone home, and the tears of sorrow are coursing down many a cheek to-night. Yesterday our friend was with us in life—to-night his chair is vacant, and he has gone from us till we meet in the Golden Gardens. All the day have we been thinking—thinking—thinking. A few weeks ago, he, who is now gone, sent cheery words to us in a sick-room; now the curtains are drawn in the room where he rests in that beautiful silence, which tells that, from a perishable form, the genial spirit has gone to the hereafter.

A father—a loving father and a kind, tender-hearted, honest husband has gone. He was not a Christian, as the world stamps men for appearance. He belonged to no Church; was no sectarian. He never professed more than he believed; he never wore the mask of hypocrisy, but was, all in all, a generous, affectionate, reliable man.

One day we met him in his place of business and found him quiet, social, choice of language, clean in conversation, and wearing about his inner self the mantle of a gentleman. Then we met him on the street, at places of amusement, at rooms for study, and in the better-ordered haunts of men.

One day we met him in his home. It was on a Sabbath. With his wife and little ones he was resting. His was no long face, wrinkled by cant. He did not make of his little ones prisoners on this blessed day, and chain them to books, sermons and commentaries beyond their years

and comprehension. He was ashamed of deceit, positive in his mentality, and the loved husband and father for years. His life and vitality was not sapped by dissipation. His rule was that of kindness. He loved his home ones and they loved him. He was a plain, honest, natural man, who scorned a mean act.

At home, when he was there, all was happiness. The loving wife, whose heart is all a-bleeding, was happy. She lived for her loves, and thus her life ran smoothly. When papa spake, the little ones listened and obeyed. When any of them were in trouble, father's sympathy melted the clouds away. He did not leave his little ones to run the streets and inhale the poison that is embittering thousands of lives, but called them closer, nearer to him day by day. He played with them, romped with them, taught them, helped them to build play-houses and air-castles, till not all the tongues that ever talked could make that

man's children believe there ever was such a place as home, dear, sweet home. When night came, papa came. He read from books and papers. He drew pictures on slates and paper. He sang songs till all his little ones trooped into his heart. He taught them honor, truth, manhood and love for each other, even as did He who was crucified. In all the world this now orphaned family of little ones had no such friend, save perhaps their loving mother.

One day papa came home so ill that he could not entertain his family. The doctor came and said that he was very ill. For days the patient suffered till pain drove reason and consciousness away, and he was insensible. Then it was that the loved ones gathered about and did all in their power to bring him back to life. But in vain. Tears of sorrow and bursts of grief were powerless to waken him.

. . . . .

Kneel by the bed on which he sleeps so still,

loving wife. Keep not back the torrents of tears that attest thy deep sorrow. Open your hearts to God and your eyes to the light that floats from the summer shore, where now stands he you so loved, beckoning you to come to him with all the loved ones of his heart. It is good to weep—then let no one check thy sorrow till the heart shall be cleared of its bitterness, and you can nestle in memories of that beautiful past which surely leads to a living, loving future.

Bid the little ones come. Softly, if they will, but bid them come. Lift them up to see and to kiss the pale lips of the father who so loved them. Join your tears with theirs; then, under the shadow of tender memory, open your arms and fold them to your heart, there to hold them till you and they shall part to rest with him who has but gone home to await your coming.

. . . . .

It is not every husband and father who is mourned and missed when he is thus at rest.

We know husbands who have no kind, encouraging words for their wives who are mothers; who are cold, distant, careless, if not cruel, to their children. We know of places called homes, whose harsh discipline with continual punishment harden children, till the presence of a father is hateful and his influence for good is gone. We know of husbands who are cold, selfish and deceitful, and who will hardly be missed or mourned. We know of homes made beautiful and of home ones made happy by the love, care, kindness and careful watchfulness of a father. When such men die the world is the loser, but their memories are blessed. 'Tis true there is grief at parting, but the joy, when comes the meeting in the Land of the Leal, will more than compensate the sorrow of to-day. Life at best is but a school. We are here only to be tested; to see of what material we make ourselves. Those who are weak and selfish, careless and neglectful of duty, will

amount to no more in the Eternal than here. But those who are kind, loving, true to the finer principles of manhood, and as anxious to make others happy as to be made so, will rise in immortality to blessed height, and carry in their arms, all in good time, those who mourn when comes the call for papa to come Home.

. . . . .

Open the door and let us in. It is wise and well to follow in the track of death lest we forget how to live. The man of the house is asleep. The clock has stopped at high twelve. The head of the family—the look-out, sentinel, watchman and provider has been called to his second birth, which, like the first, pains others more than himself. In the prime of life he has gone. Let us look at his face and read, even in death, the handwriting of God. Ah! He was an honest man. Sit still, ye who are watching. He needed no watchers in life; you are useless now that he is gone.



Open the window, that the cool air may come in. Draw the curtains still closer, that he may not be disturbed. Go to your homes and let him sleep, for he wakens far beyond you. Step lightly, and with sympathy, to the family room. Pray to your good angels to wipe the tears from the eyes and face of the widowed one, who with her babe on her breast, holds it so close as she sobs her grief out in the vain endeavor to sleep. Come to the bedside of the little ones who have lost so dear a father, and be kind to the orphaned ones whose loss has been so great.

It is dark now, the clouds are black and full of tears. But just beyond them is Eternal light, and some of these days you, too, can go to the beautiful realms of the Eternal, to rest with the husband and father who held the love of his home ones so tenderly to this mournful Saturday night.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MAKING PLAY-HOUSES.



TO-DAY we had such a jolly good visit with half a dozen little boys and girls, whom we found during a ramble along the river. There was an old house on a little hill. Some years ago it was used for a tavern, then a portion was torn down and taken away, while the remaining part was for three or four years occupied as a saloon and sort of drinking place, where all manner of rough men congregated to have "good times" in telling smutty stories, drinking whiskey, fighting over cards, and spending their earnings, not to develop but to debase their manhood.

For two years this old building has been vacant. The title to the property is in dispute, so the children in the neighborhood have taken possession of its rooms and have formed several little societies for enjoyment. Walking along that way we heard merry voices coming from the old building, whose doors and windows have been stolen away. Looking in one of the rooms we saw three little boys and five little girls, playing housekeeping. They all quit talking and laughing as we stepped in, like children who were afraid,—like children who had been scolded and abused, because they were children, and had a God-given right to be happy.

“Children, what are you doing here?”

“Please, sir,” replied one of the girls, a bright-eyed child of about eight years, “we are doing no harm—just making play-houses—that is all, sir. Must we go out of here?”

“Bless your little souls—go out of here? Not if you wish to stay. Children at play are sun-

shine for the heart. Play all day—stay here so long as you want to, for all of me.”

“Thank you, sir,” said three or four of the little folks, and the smile came to the faces of all of them as they continued their work.

“What say you, little friends? Once I was a little boy, like this bright little fellow here, and I know how to play. Let us play together!”

“What an idea!” said two or three of the little ones; but soon they all agreed, and we had the jolliest visit we have had for many a day.

“Playing housekeeping, are you? How are you off for furniture?”

“Oh, sir, pretty well, but we want more. We want more dishes, and more pictures, and more other things.”

How natural that was, to want more. We looked about the room. The children had swept the dirt out, and had a few little boxes, a lot of old bricks for chairs, and a number of pieces of

broken crockery for dishes, and some pieces of colored paper and pictures from newspapers pinned to the wall, and seemed quite thrifty. All these things had been picked up close about the old house, or brought from home. In a little while we were all busy as bees. We helped the little girls to fix things just as they wanted them fixed, for it was their house, not ours. Then we went with the boys along the river bank, farther from home than they had ever been before, although the river had always been there as now, and we found ever so many little things, new even if they were very old. Soon we had our pockets and arms full of little things. Shells, pretty pieces of stone or rock, a few glass bottles, some tin boxes, and pieces of crockery even larger and better than the ones they had in their play-houses. The little fellows could hardly believe that there were such things along the river, and only such a little way from the old house, but there they were, sure enough. Per-

haps the fathers and the mothers of these boys may not thank us for leading their little ones a few blocks from home, but the exercise did them good, and they are now ready to go a little way by themselves, to find beautiful things. Again, the children were alone. One of the boys said his father never played with him—never went out to walk with him, and that he had been told by his father ever so many times that if he went along the river to look for playthings, the bears would eat him up. The boy has been there now. He found the new things. The bears did not eat him, for none were there. He thinks his father was mistaken, while the father, no doubt, will be very mad at us for proving that he has all along been telling his boy falsehoods. Perhaps the father's father had told him there were bears up the river till he had come to believe it. But he had no business to tell his boy such stuff till he had been there to see for himself. Perhaps bears were along the river a great many

years ago, but when the railroad and the steam-boat came along, they all ran away.

To our mind it always seemed wicked to shut children up in houses, and keep them in narrow rooms, when God gave us all out doors for a playground, and a field from which to gather beautiful things.

Well, we took the armfuls of things we found to the river, close by the old house. The little girls came and helped. We washed the dirt from all the things we had picked up; some of the articles were very dirty and required a good deal of washing; some of the things we found, as they were washed, proved to be rotten or fit for nothing, so we left them alone.

Then we all went up the hill to the old house, which was fresh and clean when it was built, but which, from the lives and acts of the money-makers who had so misused it, had come to be in disgrace and in dispute, so nobody could tell who owned it. We had pieces of glass to see

through—more and better bricks—several pieces of boards, on which to place little things, lots more of dishes, and all sorts of furniture for the little friends who were afraid we had come to bother them rather than help beautify the old house. The old bottles were filled with water from the river, instead of the poison they once contained, and into them there were placed flowers, grasses and green twigs gathered along the banks, all adding to the beauty of the well-swept room, which had been made into a play-house.

Then when the little folks had fixed everything up nicely, we went a little way off and from a very poor old woman sitting in a fence corner, where she had a few cakes, three oranges, two apples and a few sticks of candy; with three dimes we bought all she had and took the little store to the play-house. It made her old heart very glad to sell all she had for sale, and as the deep smile came to her face



we knew there was new sunshine in her heart, for once at any rate. The little girls set their table, and we had such a nice supper. Cakes, and fruit and candy, cut up and put on the little dishes. When we left the old house it looked nicer inside than when we went there, and none of the little folks were sorry we visited them. The boys said they were going a little farther up the river the next day, and the girls were going with them, and all of them wanted us to come again, as they promised to come and see us and hear music, and look at pictures, and help us to play or to rest from labor some Saturday night.





## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE WILLING WORKERS AND THEIR REWARD.

**T**HIS autumn night the wind is piping its chilling blasts up and down the street as the signs creak their dismal warnings that winter is soon to be here. Then who will care for the poor? Who will furnish clothes, food, shoes and stockings and comforts for all the little ones who are deserted and alone in heart? Pretty soon our little baby will be home to fill the house with laughter. Perhaps before this chapter will be printed. The cold winds on the ocean retard the coming of our loved ones, but they will soon be here. Then, as we sit by the fire in the dearly-prized home cor-

ner, and rest in the sunshine that comes from pure and loving hearts, we will think of the poor, of the homeless, of the weary mothers, tired fathers, and the little boys and girls in their homes all over the country, and will always try to live so as to set for them none but good examples.

To-day we have been made very happy. There came a letter a few days since from a young man who said he felt as though he must say something. That he wished us to come to his house, a few miles from the city, and to dine with him and his young wife.

The invitation was accepted. We found him in a snug little brown house, surrounded by trees, with such an air of home comfort all about him that he really was to be envied.

There were but two rooms besides the kitchen in the house, but it was a happy home. The monarch of all this was a mechanic. A boiler-maker. He is a clever workman, handy with tools, and the possessor of good taste. We met

his wife, a sweet-faced young woman who went about her household duties so cheerfully, and who seemed like a bit of sunshine from the Golden Gardens.

As we sat by the fire, the young mechanic told us his story. Would you like to hear it? Then, all you little folks, gather your chairs close about and listen just a few moments, and hear it you shall, as we tell it to you as he told it to us:

"This is a little home, but it is all our own. We live here and are happy. To-day I am twenty-two years old. I have been married just one year. Three years ago I was a lively fellow among the boys. I had a trade, and thought that was all I needed. I used to drink, go to saloons to have a good time and spend money. Where I was brought up we had no manner of amusements after the work of the day was done, so us boys, for there were two of us in the family, acquired the habit of going from home. I fell into bad company. I then thought it was good, because

it was so jolly. I spent all the money I earned, learned to drink, to swear, to gamble for money, and was weaving all sorts of bad habits about me.

“One day I was taken sick. My money was all gone. I went to the hospital and was sick there two weeks. I read a chapter in a newspaper. It told about a man who had wakened from a condition like mine, and had come to be a good citizen. It did not scold, or censure, or find fault, or mark out arbitrary lines, but was just kindly human—that was all. It was a ‘Saturday Night’ chapter, and it was Saturday night I read it, and then I cut it out, put it in my empty pocket-book, and began life anew with that as my capital.

“That was two years and a half ago. I went to work soon as I could, and kept at it. The boys wanted me to go out with them and spend my earnings just as I used to in having a good time, but I told them I could not afford it. I read books, studied music, improved my spare

time, and began to lay up money. You have no idea how proud I was when I had five dollars ahead! I felt as rich as a banker.

“After I had been saving and careful for six months, I met a real good, nice girl, who had no bad habits. She was poor. Her father was killed in the war, and her mother was a widow who took in sewing. The girl helped her. The more I saw her the better she seemed to me. At last I loved her. We loved each other. We had just one hundred dollars a year ago when we were married and began to live. It was not much, but it was all ours.

“Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floor of two rooms. We have nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy; no fear of the future; no doubting each other; no fretting, fault-finding or selfishness in it. We do all we can to help each other, and the more we live for

each other the happier we are. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved, besides these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year till next spring. We never stop to think about the times—have no fears for the future of this life or the next, but live right along doing the best we can all the time. We go to church, because it is the duty of every man to properly respect society and the religious customs of any country. We attend concerts and lectures and amusements when the price is not too high. Sometimes the prices are so high we cannot afford to go. Then we stay at home, read to each other, have visitors or go out a little way and a little while to visit a few friends we have close by.

“It is not much of a story, but it is a good one. Wife and I often talk of you—of that pleasant and kindly-worded chapter, and we have often said we wondered if the one who wrote it would ever know how much good a

few kind words have done. So I sent for you to come and dine with us. In the shop, when I told the superintendent that I would invite you, he said you would not come ; but you have, and I want you to know that we are happy and that people can be happy even if they are not rich, when their hearts are in the right place.

“ Marriage was my salvation. I have a dear good wife, and I am not one bit ashamed to tell you that I love her—that we love each other—that we think more of each other than of all others in the world. We are trying to make our little home a bright and a cheerful one. I have not been in a saloon since we were married. We have pleasant, social games at home, and I had rather these books, pictures, carpets and that organ should be in our house than in the house of the man who makes his saloon attractive so as to entice men there to spend their earnings. We find that this life is what we make it. We are helping each other, and the more we do for



each other, the better we love each other, and thus my wife is leading me to Heaven. Sometimes I am cross, peevish and weary, and say harsh words. Then I am ashamed of myself and my lack of manhood. I ask my wife to forgive me. She puts her arms around my neck, kisses me and forgives what I say, all is sunshine, and I try to be better than before. Do you know that I have almost conquered myself? That her goodness is making a better man of me than I ever thought of being before we were married. In a few weeks now—but I will whisper it to you, so she will not hear what I say! Then I will be very proud. And we will take good care of it, and you see that we have realized that our life and other lives are what we make them, as they are surrounded by influences for good or for evil.”

We remained to dinner, and for an hour after. The good wife was proud of her home, of her husband. She pointed with pride to what they

had made, almost from nothing. She told how good, and kind, and loving, and genuine in his hearty manhood her husband was to her. That he was *always* considerate and the soul of honor to his vows in all things, and what a pleasant home they would have by-and-by, when taxes were lighter, rents lower, and compensation more liberal. In all our travels we never visited at a happier home than this cottage of the young workers, who, hand in hand, are taking hold of life bravely, to help each other, to develop manhood, and at last to enter the gates of the Golden Gardens, where is a loving Father to smile on and to reward all who are true enough and bold enough to live to a purpose, to be true and loving to each other and to walk directly on to the future, which will be woven there as we pattern here.

Before you little ones, our friends, go to your beds this Saturday night, we wish to tell you something. Once we were a poor lad, and

doubted the future. The greater part of three-score years have gone since we first began to look at life. We have seen, O! so many boys and girls grow to be men and women, and to fret their lives away, that we often wish we had some large hall, or some bright field where we could invite all the children of the land to come so we could talk to them and ask them all to be good to themselves. We love children. We love the children of the poor. We love the ones who have pretty playthings, and those who have not. We wish we could fill the laps of all the children with playthings, and all souls with sunshine. But this we cannot do. It will not be many more of these chapters that we can ever write. Only a few more. We feel so often of late like one who is standing by his open grave. The head is weary—the brain is tired—the glimmering lights that dance before our eyes, even as we write these lines, tell us that the river is near.

It may be that this is the last bit of talk we can ever have with our little friends. We hope not, for we love to have them talk with us—to have them write to us. But no man can work forever. The sunset will come—the blinds must be drawn—the lamps must be lit some of these days. So before we put down the pen forever, we wish to say this to our little friends, the children.

We cannot give to all of you presents, nor throw about you that sunshine which at times comes all about us like a golden cloud. But you can all of you make sunshine for yourselves. And this is the way. Be kind to each other. Do not be cross and quarrelsome. Be real kind to the little ones, and to the poor. Be good to poor mamma and papa at all times. Learn to wait on yourselves, and then let your little feet hasten to wait on those who have suffered, and worked for and watched over you all the long days and nights of whose incidents you have

forgotten. When you have playthings, take care of them. When you have done with them, give them to other children smaller than you are, whose parents are too poor to buy presents for their little ones, or to the poor little orphans who have no one but Jesus the Christ to love them. Be good to all the poor little children whose feet wander into strange places, and who have none to tell them what to do, so the good angels who watch over us will not weep.

The man of whom we write was once a little boy. He grew up in a cold, selfish home. It was but natural that he should hunt for a place to be happy. The little ducks seek water; the bees seek flowers; the birds seek branches; the plants seek sunshine, and just so do children hunt for that sunlight and those amusements that give beauty to the soul. Our friend started on the wrong road. He fell by the wayside, and when he was sick his eyes rested on kind words and he retraced his steps. Then it was that the

guardian spirits in the air smiled for joy and gathered about him their golden wings. Then it was that the love of a sweet, pure, good girl went out to meet his, and he began building a home—they began to build and to beautify.

Some of these days all our little friends who now read will be men and women. We shall be in the Land of the Leal, where work is not wearying, and will then visit thousands of homes all over the land to see how do our little friends and to impress them with beautiful ideas and better resolves. Then they will have friends or not, as they choose and select now. They will have beds in hospitals or homes of their own, as they alone shall determine. If they have good homes we ask them to provide playthings, amusements and something to interest their children, if, like our young friend with whom we dined to-day, they shall ever have anything to tell us in a whisper. The best way to be good men and women is to be good children. Learn to think

for yourselves. With cobs a child can build a play-house, or nothing, as it will. So, little friends, with the opportunities of life you can build yourselves into happy homes or dismal prisons—into love or hate—into purity or vice—into success or failure—into degradation or respectability, into a condition that you will be proud or ashamed of, contented or discontented with, just as you alone may decide.

In a little while we shall put the pen aside and go to our other room, there to rest. We have worked all the week, every day from early morning till midnight. We have tried to do no wrong—to do what was and is right. During the week we have made some one happy, and so have all our little friends. In a short time we shall seek our couch to rest. Shall sleep to dream. Shall waken to a new morn, in this life or another, and in that glad, golden Summer Land shall find flowers growing on the vines we have planted in this life, just as our young friend

finds awaiting him the cheerful home, the warm kiss, the trusting love, the soul feast and heart reward there always is in the home he has made where is the good angel who welcomes his coming.

Pretty soon we shall go home. Our loved ones will be with us and we shall be with them. In that golden land we shall all rest, and then how glad we will feel to welcome all the weary workers and all the hungry souls who may or may not read this brief sketch of our visit to those who by work and love have made their home such a resting place and glad retreat as we found, and of which we quit writing to ask God and the good angels to bless them, and all others who are true, good and loving, this and every other Saturday night.







## CHAPTER XXV.

### OUR BEAUTIFUL DARLINGS.



T O-NIGHT there is a picture of the mellowest beauty before us, and if our little friends will leave their fathers' necks and the arms and breasts of their darling mothers for a little while, and come and sit all about us, on the sofas, in the chairs, on our knees, or clamber up on our shoulders so we can feel their innocent presence and rest in their childish love, we will tell them of two little darlings.

At the house of a friend in one of the great cities of the West, we are honored as a visitor. At the home of a man who has battled with the

world and thus far has come out a winner. His home is not a cabin, a hovel, or a garret, but a place of rest. On the floors are carpets of beautiful patterns. On the walls a profusion of beautiful pictures. All about the room, from where stands the piano, to the corners where are various articles of bijoutry and vertu, is order, neatness, beautiful groupings, and evidences of the presence of the best of angels God ever called to life on earth, a home-loving, home-beautifying, home-heavening woman; a loving, large-hearted, beautiful wife, who loves her babies even as He, who is Our Father, loves His children.

Here is a place where we have found *rest*. A generous welcome never to be forgotten. Kind words for duty well attempted in the years of ~~we~~ *our* past. Earnest encouragement for the greater work of the future. Hearts filled with sympathy for one who would *do good* to all, with the reviving sympathy which, sweetly given, throws about

the soul such a mellow halo of strength that in the great object of life it can never know the meaning of that word fail. Here in this home we have rested till we are indeed loth to leave its enticing atmosphere. To-night we sat thinking of our home, and if it is as beautiful as this. We were thinking of the *poor homes* all over the land. Of the places called homes, where men are cold, careless, unloving, far from generous, ignorant of the first and greatest of all duties of husband or father. Of homes where men are selfish, imperious in their demands of wife and children—of homes where coarseness, brutality, indifference, and other entailments of dissipation and of ignorance are the skeletons a starving wife must touch on every side as she walks through life, a prisoner to an unappreciative husband, looking for no happiness save in death.

How many such homes there are. And to think of them! That in their places, all over the land, are men who would be so good and of so

much use to God in His work of creation, if they would only keep coming up higher and away from their selfishness. That in their homes wives suffer untold miseries, as their lives are worn threadbare by excessive toil, as their husband fails to provide for the wants of the one who is giving her life to him, or for the little souls that follow on the vine to fade, wilt and be lost before they expand to intelligence, or grow into living temples of manly, womanly beauty, if Papa, *Father*, HELPER, is not good and kind to them as he should be.

How many homes there are where the fearful curse of drunkenness has come with its sly, destroying influence to mar and to scar; to blight and to deaden beautiful lives. How many there are where men are unfed, and their inner hungerings are so unresponded to that life is to them a torture unbearable, save for the whisperings of ambition for place or gain, which in time beats down the truly beautiful that there is in the

nature of every man, to bloom and to blossom if he can only have wifely help to develop it.

How many homes there are where beautiful women are dying because of their heart burdens! Dying over their work! Dying under their tasks! Dying as they are struggling to build themselves into conditions of happiness! Dying for want of love, appreciation, attention, and that beautiful responsiveness which woman needs to fill her soul with that life which is *heavenly* in its magnetism; *glorious* in its enjoying, and so *protecting* to him who gives and to her who receives.

Ah, well! The world is full of sad pictures—of unfurnished homes—of men who do not perhaps because they cannot think their way clear. Of men who do not know how to *enjoy life*. Of men who have long since forgotten how to be lovers. Of women who have been broken and bankrupted in heart, soul, life, and all that wonderful elasticity which, once lost, is

so quickly followed by physical and mental deadness. Of places where little children are coming up to years of wonderment with no love, no care, no happifying, beautifying influences closely surrounding them. Of places where the dearest treasures of earth are being sacrificed on the altars of neglect and indifference. When we see a beautiful home, we think of those that are unfurnished. When we see careless men, we think of those who are kind and loving. When we think of women who live only for fashion, shirking all the responsibility of life, we pray: "Father, forgive them, for they know not how surely they are driving all love from their lives."

This night we have rested. The fire burns cheerily in the grate. We sit in an easy chair and take comfort. We look over the books on the centre table to glance at writings of prose and poetry. We look upon the deftly wired cages wherein are golden feathered songsters, their little heads hidden under their wings, even

as we would fain lay ours in some place where sleep would follow so tenderly to give us strength for the morrow, its trials and its duties.

A beautiful woman enters the room. The merry laugh of her manly husband is heard as it fills the air with echoes of welcome. The woman sits at the piano like a queen. Her fingers touch the keys lightly, gracefully, rapidly. The music leaps, springs, dances, bursts out laughingly, like clear rivulets warmed by the vernal sun. The piano responds to her magic touch and gives forth tune after tune—delicious music.

Oh! how much there is in knowing how to play! How to make music! How to fill life with beautiful tones and echoes. How to keep in tune and draw music from the heart. Would to God all men and all women were such musicians.

Now we listen to a waltz and then to the airs so loved and so heart-filling in the long ago.

The husband, who loves this beautiful woman, looks, as he should, proudly on her, as she sits to this delectation. The door is thrown a little more open, and here come two little darlings, two beautiful children, two little girls, the eldest not yet six years of age, clad in white, their hair in long curls floating so gracefully over their shoulders, their little pink feet in living, beautiful contrast to the rich brown of the carpet on which they stand. They seem like whispers from some fairy land—like two angels resting upon the lives of those who love them, as did the dove rest upon the head of Him who so suffered in the time ago—who suffered even as do men and women who are not understood.

*Hush!* Look there! Listen! They kneel at the feet of the beautiful woman who is their mother. Side by side they kneel to rest their little elbows on her knees. They fold their little hands together and lift their faces to receive the baptism of life from the eyes of her



who loves them so. How still is the room! The birds in the cages under the gas burners actually start. The change from music to silence is so sudden they waken to pay tribute to love's devotion. Now comes from two pair of little lips this beautiful whisper that goes to the heart of God:

✱

“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take,—*Amen.*”

“God bless my dear papa. God bless my sweet, loving mamma. God bless our friends who love us, and keep us two good little girls.—*Amen.*”

Then the little ones rose to their feet, kissed their mamma a sweet good-night, and hand in hand moved like little fairies from the room, leaving a picture we can never forget. A heart-graven picture of two little white-robed darlings, at their evening prayer, with the deep, dark,

full, life-speaking eyes of a beautiful mother beaming down upon them there in the hushed stillness of a home sinking to rest this blessed autumn evening.

How could we help saying in all earnest beseechment—God bless the *little darlings*—God bless the mother of such babes and fill her bosom with that love, that peace, that Heaven-born happiness that surely is in store for her—for all who live, love and realize that the highest, holiest work which woman can ever be engaged in is the lovely leading of the *treasures God gives to us*, from the entrance to life to the gardens of the eternal, pure, spotless and in the line of the truly womanly?

Said a Roman emperor to a visiting monarch who one day, after a brilliant review of troops, asked :

“From whence such soldiers?”

“Look there on the right. Behold the *mothers of Rome* !”—THE SISTERS OF GOD !

In the olden time, before men went crazy for wealth, and mothers went wild in the following of frivolous fashion, men were men and *women were women*. And thus went on, and on, the Heaven-inspired work of humanity. We looked into the face of England's Queen one day to contemplate royalty. We saw her greatest crown that was hidden from thoughtless eyes—that of motherhood. We have looked upon Emperors, Princes, Kings and Presidents, but none of them are invested with such sacred greatness as is resplendent from the true, the loving, the beautiful woman about whose life God has drawn the holy protecting network of maternity. Men talk of Heaven! Why, in all the angel world is no sweeter picture than the one our eyes have this night seen, and to which our soul mellows in contemplation. A mother who teaches her little darlings to walk the rainbow of faith that leads to Heaven! A mother who in all her beauty as a woman is as

nothing compared to her beauty, her strength, her devotion as a mother.

Often, O ! how often have we mourned that we were in the first year of life left an orphan, but never till now has the great bereavement so fully broke in upon our heart. Would to God that ours was omnipotent power ! How soon, how tenderly, how positively, how warmingly would we draw a circle of loving protection from all that pains, all that wounds, all that saddens, all that weakens, about this mother—about every mother in the land. How we would protect them from men who are cold, careless, selfish, thoughtless. How we would build walls of fate between mothers who are overworked, and abused, and the wrecks of humanity from whose lives the light of love's early promises has gone out in dissipation, to protect them from those who forget that to mothers, more than to fathers, the nation is indebted for her truest greatness.

It is for man to go out into the world, to give

battle to the enemies of his country. To subdue forests. To build homes. To accumulate. It is for woman to regulate, to be queen of the home, to stand even closer to God and to heaven than man ever could stand—to be mothers, and to teach precious treasures to rest by a mother's knee and to reach heaven through faith, love and prayer, even as teaches the mother the little darlings of whom we write.

Men may think us queer to thus write from the heart, but we care not what they think, especially if they do not think. The ballot, the hustings, the feverish excitement that comes from midnight vigils over a sleeping people, is not for women. It is bad enough that men have to thus dash their brains full into insanity. The place for woman is in her home. She should have love, attention, devotion and that velvety touching of a husband who is devoted to her—should be the mother of children and not the murderer of innocents unborn. She should be

cared for, and while a wife and mother should be let alone in all save the attention that devotion mutually prompts, and then her children will be great. "These are my jewels." God loves all who wear their jewels properly.

Some of these days the hand that guides our pen to its tracing of words will be still. Before long *our* work will be done. It is so wearying and so wearing upon life to work, work, work! We care not to accumulate wealth. We care nothing for political place, position, or power. None of these count to us here or in Heaven. We would give all the world for a beautiful, happy home. For that love that comes from the heart of a true, trusting, confiding woman who is a loving mother as well as a devoted wife. In that and in these is Heaven, and this Heaven is, thank God, within our reach.

While others seek happiness where it is not to be found, we lay aside the pen—we forget all of politics and all love save that which makes men

heroic—which makes them ever gentle, sweet, caressing and husbandly to their wives, and seek our rest to dream of the beautiful picture we have seen.

The noise on the street makes us to shudder. There are loud, angry, maudlin voices upon the street. There are abroad at this nearing of midnight men who are going to their homes with hands all hard; with tongues thickened by poison; with breath laden with offence. They are going to break in upon the sacredness of home; to waken their little ones from slumber; to torture the wife who has waited, waited, waited till we wonder she has not died by suicide! We shrink from such men, and yet we love all who are in distress. Now that our chapter is written, we will turn down the light, prepare for sleep, and with the dear little children who kneel by the knees of their mother, with eyes uplifted in thankfulness for good examples, whisper to her and to Our Father this our prayer :

“ Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;  
And if I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take. *Amen.*”

God bless the good papa. God bless the dear good mamma who loves her *darlings*. God bless those for whom this is written, and who understand how to live and to love, from this never to be forgotten Saturday Night.







## CHAPTER XXVI.

### FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.



HE brought them in this morning in a basket. Five little chickens just from their shells. When the baby saw the dear little things and heard them talk in their baby-chicken way, she clapped her little hands and laughed never so hard before with delight.

This chapter will be about the five little chickens. It will be for our little friends, the boys and girls, who may care to sit and hear what a well-wisher has to say to them. It is not for papa or mamma; for any of the grown-up folks, but for the little boys and the little

girls who soon will be good men and women, and help to make this world and all who are in it happier and better, even as the pretty chickens made our blue-eyed baby so happy to-day.

A few weeks ago the man came in from the cold barn and said that one of the hens had a nest in a manger. That in her nest were thirteen eggs, and that the old hen wanted to sit on the eggs in our manger, as they do in the barns and mangers all over the country. Out to the barn we went to see the nest and the hen. Sure enough, there they were, as the man had told us. We counted the eggs and there were thirteen. We tucked the hen very nicely in her nest, as mamma tucks her little baby away to sleep till morning, and then came in the house to tell what had been done and to promise thirteen chickens in twenty-one days.

The next day the man came in and said he had found another nest; that another hen

wanted to sit on fifteen eggs. Then we counted upon the time when there would be fifteen chickens more, and began to look for their coming. Two or three days ago the man came in and told us that one night, (when nobody was looking, and faithful old Jack—and he is the watch dog who barks at nights and wakens the baby, was away from his post,) a skunk, or fox, or rats, or something had got into the nest and eaten the fifteen eggs.

The other hen was up high in a box. Rats could not get at her, and this morning the man, on going to her nest, found the five little chickens. For fear they would be hurt in among the broken shells, he took them out very carefully, placed them in a little basket, brought them into the house, and we all had a jolly time looking at the pretty little things.

One of them was white, or nearly so. One was a pretty yellow. One was black as ink, and just as cunning as any little chicken we ever saw.

Another one was brown, while the other was spotted. But they were all little chickens together. We placed them by the fire where they could be kept warm. Pretty soon, when we went out to see about a coop for them, there was the old hen off the nest and running all about the barn and saying, "cluck, cluck, cluck," loud as she could. She was mourning because her little babies had been taken away from the place where they were born, and she thought they were lost.

We prepared the coop and then put the five chickens therein. When the mother found them, she ran in to her new home, called her babies under her wings and was very quiet. We stroked the feathers on her neck and back as she turned her head and gave us a look which seemed to say—"forgive me for worrying so, but I did not know what had become of my babies."

When we looked at her nest, lo, and behold the other eggs were spoiled. It must be that

they were not good. Perhaps they had no germ in them. Maybe that she did not turn them every day as she should have done, so they would have been kept uniformly warm. The broken shells from which the five chickens had come were in the nest, and it was better that they were removed as the kind man had done.

Now their mother is with and very proud of them. She is kind to them, picks the food to pieces for them, and when they are cold she tucks them in under her warm feathers and wings as good mammas and good papas see that their precious babies, the dear little boys and girls, are kept in food and in nice homes, so they will grow and develop into men and women with minds of their own, and to that manhood which in its independence is proof of the childhood of God.

We said the children were not alike. But they are all of the same family. Each has a little individuality of its own. They are like

brothers and sisters for all they come from different eggs or different worlds.

It must have been very dark in the shell. Is it not curious? The egg, with its yolk and its white, after being turned and warmed for just so long a time, becomes a chicken. Now these little chicks, with their bright eyes, soft down, little bills and baby-like chirp, are nothing like eggs. Suppose the egg had talked and fretted for fear it would never become a chicken! What a foolish egg it would have been! Suppose the hen had said—"I don't see how this egg can ever be a chicken. I cannot see it change and grow, therefore I will not believe in the change nor sit on the eggs." Suppose the chicken, all the time it was in the shell, had cried and scratched its eyes for fear of dying or emerging from the shell which had been its home. What a simple little chick it would have been.

How many of our little friends will ever in after life think of these five chickens? How

many of them will also remember this. All of this life in which we are is but an egg shell. It will be broken some day and crumble away. The grave is dark. Life in the shell is dark. But we shall all grow and force our way through into a broader existence. The great big world into which these five chickens came is ever so much larger than was their nest. The hand which held them in their basket is larger than their entire former home. Death did not treat them unkindly after all. He only brought them to us to be cared for. Then we found a nice home for the little fellows, and called their mother to come. Just think! Yesterday we had no chickens—to-day the great change has come. We knew of it from the first, but the chickens did not. We knew if the eggs were good—if each had a proper germ—if the nest was warm and the old hen knew her business, we should have chickens in time. Now they have a nice house and can run all about. The

egg could not move before, but the chickens can run into the garden, out under the trees, along the fences, in among the beautiful flowers—to thousands of places, they as eggs or as chickens before the shell was broken, never thought of.

Had the watch-dog done his duty he would have driven the skunk or the fox or the rats away from the barn, and they could not have got in to destroy the eggs. Watch-dogs should always be on hand to speak out. Had all the eggs in the other nest been properly turned there might have been more chickens, and our little baby might have laughed the harder.

Some of these days all the boys and girls—all the men and women will be out of their shells. Death will take us kindly from the little box to the Home Corner, where we shall be cared for, fed and protected. Then we shall grow. Then we will be out of the dark. Then we will be able to run and to fly—to go like the wind in com-



parison to present speed. Then the mothers who mourned on earth for their babies will find them all safe and with a loving Father. Then what a joyful meeting we will have. We shall meet with all the little boys and girls—with all the good friends who are so kind to us here in our narrow homes, where in comparison to the hereafter, all is dark and close about us.

Sometimes the eggs do not hatch, as they call it. Sometimes the egg becomes wet, or rests in a low place on the ground. Then its germ is killed and nothing comes from it but the bad. Just so with little boys and girls—with men and women. Sometimes low habits, dissipation, envy, malice, ugliness, disobedience, and resting of the heart or soul with evil companions, kill out the germ of life; and Death, when he cleans out the nests, will have nothing to save in his basket—nothing to take to the Master in the house, but something to throw away.

We ask the little children for whom we have

written this chapter to see how good they can be. To see how pure and loving they can live. Then they will have nothing to fear. Death will be a good angel who will bear them from the dark to the light, where there will be no cold, nor sorrow, nor danger, but where children of a common heritage will meet and work on to reach their destiny ; to occupy the temple each one of us shall plan in this life to be occupied in the next, when we shall have broken the shell, and opened our eyes to the wide and lasting field of beauty we are so positive there is for us beyond our final Saturday Night.













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